National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XX. NO. 43. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1860. WHOLE NO. 1,031.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

107 *North Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

RATE OF ADVERTISING, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Selections.

SPEECH OF WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

[In the Senate, Feb. 29th, the bill, introduced by Mr. Seward, to admit Kansas into the Union, being under consideration, he spoke as follows:]

MR. PRESIDENT: The admission of Kansas into the Union, without further delay, seems to me equally necessary, just and wise. In recorded debates I have already anticipated the arguments for this conclusion.

In coming forward among the political astrologers, it shall be an error of judgment, and not of disposition, if my interpretation of the feverish dreams which are disturbing the country shall tend to foment, rather than to allay, the national excitement. I shall say nothing unnecessarily of persons, because, in our system, the public welfare and happiness depend chiefly on institutions, and very little on men. I shall allude but briefly to incidental topics, because they are ephemeral, and because, even in the midst of appeals to passion and prejudice, it is always safe to submit solid truth to the deliberate consideration of an honest and enlightened people.

It will be an overflowing source of shame, as well as of sorrow, if we, thirty millions—Europeans by extraction, Americans by birth or discipline, and Christians in faith, and meaning to be such in practice—cannot so combine prudence with humanity, in our conduct concerning the one disturbing subject of slavery, as not only to preserve our unequalled institutions of freedom, but also to enjoy their benefits with contentment and harmony.

Wherever a guiltless slave exists, be he Caucasian, American, Malay or African, he is the subject of two distinct and opposite ideas—one that he is wrongly, the other that he is rightly a slave. The balance of numbers on either side, however great, never completely extinguishes this difference of opinion, for there are always some defenders of slavery outside, even if there are none inside, of a free State, while also there are always outside, if there are not inside, of every slave State many who assert with Milton, that "no man who knows aught can be so stupid as to deny that all men naturally were born free, being the image and resemblance of God himself, and were by privilege above all the creatures, born to command and not to obey." It often, perhaps generally, happens, however, that in considering the subject of slavery, society seems to overlook the natural right or personal interest of the slave himself, and to act exclusively for the welfare of the citizen. But this fact does not materially affect ultimate results, for the elementary question of the rightfulness or wrongfulness of slavery inheres in every form that discussion concerning it assumes. What is just to one class of men can never be injurious to any other; and what is unjust to any condition of persons in a State is necessarily injurious in some degree to the whole community. An economical question early arises out of the subject of slavery—labor either of freemen or of slaves is the cardinal necessity of society. Some States choose the one kind, some the other. Hence two municipal systems widely different arise. The slave State strikes down and affects to extinguish the personality of the laborer, not only as a member of the political body, but also as a parent, husband, child, neighbor or friend. He thus becomes, in a political view, merely property, without moral capacity, and without domestic, moral and social relations, duties, rights and remedies—a chattel, an object of bargain, sale, gift, inheritance or theft. His earnings are compensated and his wrongs atoned, not to himself, but to his owner. The State protects not the slave as a man, but the capital of another man, which he represents. On the other hand, the State which rejects slavery encourages and animates and invigorates the laborer by maintaining and developing his natural personality in all the rights and faculties of manhood, and generally with the privileges of citizenship. In the one case capital invested in slaves becomes a great political force, while in the other labor thus elevated and enfranchised becomes the dominating political power. It thus happens that we may, for convenience sake, and not inaccurately, call slave States capital States, and free States labor States.

So soon as a State feels the impulse of commerce or enterprise or ambition, its citizens begin to study the effects of these systems of capital and labor respectively on its intelligence, its virtue, its tranquillity, its liberty, its happiness, its aggrandizement and its fame. In other words, the great question arises, whether slavery is a moral, social and political good, or a moral, social and political evil. This is the slavery question at home. But there is a mutual bond of unity and brotherhood between man and man throughout the world. Nations examine freely the political systems of each other, and of all preceding times, and accordingly as they approve or disapprove of the two systems of capital and labor respectively they sanction and prosecute or condemn and prohibit commerce in men. Thus, in one way or in another, the slavery question, which so many amongst us, who are more willing to rule than patient in studying the conditions of society, think is a merely accidental or unnecessary question that might and ought to be settled and dismissed at once, is, on the contrary, a world-wide and enduring subject of political consideration and civil administration. Men, states and nations entertain it, not voluntarily, but because the progress of society continually brings it into their way. They divide upon it, not perversely, but because, owing to differences of constitution, condition or circumstances, they cannot agree.

[Mr. Seward proceeds to speak of the history of the slavery question from the time of the adoption of the Constitution till now. For lack of room we omit this portion of the speech, which deals with matters with which our readers are familiar, and commence again at the point where Mr. Seward comes to deal with present issues.]

In this new and extreme position the Democratic party now masks itself behind the battery of the Supreme Court, as if it were possibly a true construction of the Constitution, that the power of deciding practically forever between freedom and slavery, in a portion of the continent far exceeding all that is yet organized, should be renounced by Congress, which alone possesses any legislative authority, and should be assumed and exercised by a court which can only take cognizance of the question collaterally, in a private action between individuals, and which action the Constitution will not suffer the court to entertain, if it involves twenty dollars of money, without the overruling intervention of a jury of twelve good and lawful men of the neighborhood where the litigation arises. The independent, ever-renewed and ever-recurring representative Parliament, Diet, Congress, or Legislature, is the one chief, paramount, essential, indispensable institution in a Republic. Even liberty, guaranteed by organic law, yet if it be held by other tenure than the guardian care of such a representative popular assembly, is but precariously maintained, while slavery, enforced by an irresponsible judicial tribunal, is the completest possible development of despotism.

Mr. President, did ever the annals of any government show a more rapid or more complete departure from the wisdom and virtue of its founders? Did ever the government of a great empire, founded on the rights of human labor, slide away so fast and so far, and moor itself so tenaciously on the basis of capital, and that capital invested in laboring men? Did ever a free representative Legislature, invested with powers so great, and with the guardianship of rights so important, of trusts so sacred, of interests so precious, and of hopes at once so noble and so comprehensive, surrender and renounce them all so unnecessarily, so unwisely, so fatally, and so ingloriously? If it be true, as every instinct of our nature and every precept of political experience teaches us, that

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay,"

then where in Ireland, in Italy, in Poland, or in Hungary, has any ruler prepared for a generous and confiding people disappointments, disasters and calamities equal to those which the Government of the United States holds now suspended over so large a portion of the continent of North America?

Citizens of the United States, in the spirit of this policy, subverted the free Republic of Nicaragua, and opened it to slavery and the African slave trade, and held him that condition waiting annexation to the United States, until its sovereignty was restored by a combination of sister Republics exposed to the same danger, and apprehensive of similar subversion. Other citizens reopened the foreign slave trade in violation of our laws and treaties; and, after a suspension of that shameful traffic for fifty years, savage Africans have been once more landed on our shores and distributed, unreclaimed and with impunity, among our plantations.

For this policy, so far as the government has sanctioned it, the Democratic party avows itself responsible. Everywhere complaint against it is denounced, and its opponents proscribed. When Kansas was writhing under the wounds of incipient, servile war, because of her resistance, the Democratic press deridingly said, "let her bleed!" Official integrity has been cause for rebuke and punishment, when it resisted frauds designed to promote the extension of slavery. Throughout the whole Republic there is not one known dissenter from that policy remaining in place, if within the reach of the executive arm. Nor over the face of the whole world is there to be found one representative of our country who is not an apologist of the extension of slavery.

It is in America that these things have happened. In the nineteenth century, the era of the world's greatest progress, and while all nations but ourselves have been either abridging or altogether suppressing commerce in men; at the very moment when the Russian serf is emancipated, and the Georgian captive, the Nubian prisoner and the Abyssinian savage are lifted up to freedom by the successor of Mohammed. The world, prepossessed in our behalf by our early devotion to the rights of human nature, as no nation ever before engaged its respect and sympathies, asks, in wonder and amazement, what all this demoralization means? It has an excuse better than the world can imagine, better than we are generally conscious of ourselves, a virtuous excuse. We have loved not freedom so much less, but the Union of our country so much more. We have been made to believe, from time to time, that, in a crisis, both of these precious institutions could not be saved together, and therefore we have, from time to time, surrendered safeguards of freedom to propitiate the loyalty of capital, and stay its hands from doing violence to the Union. The true state of the case, however, ought not to be a mystery to ourselves. Prescience, indeed, is not given to statesmen; but we are without excuse when we fail to apprehend the logic of current events. Let parties, or the government, choose or do what they may, the people of the United States do not prefer wealth to liberty, capital to labor, African slaves to white freemen, in the national Territories and in future States. That question has never been distinctly recognized or acted on by them. The Republican party embodies the popular protest and reaction against a policy which has been fastened upon the nation by surprise, and which its reason and conscience, concurring with the reason and conscience of mankind, condemn.

The choice of the nation is now between the Democratic party and the Republican party. Its principles and policy are, therefore, justly and even necessarily examined. I know of only one policy which it has adopted or avowed, namely: the saving of the Territories of the United States, if possible, by constitutional and lawful means, from being homes for slavery and polygamy. Who, that considers where this nation exists, of what races it is composed, in what age of the world it acts its part on the public stage, and what are its predominant institutions, customs, habits, and sentiments, doubts that the Republican party can and will, if unwaveringly faithful to that policy, and just and loyal in all beside, carry it into triumphal success? To doubt is to be uncertain whether civilization can improve or Christianity save mankind.

I may, perhaps, infer from the necessity of the case that it will, in all courts and places, stand by the freedom of speech and of the press, and the constitutional rights of freemen everywhere; that it will favor the speedy improvement of the public domain by homestead laws, and will encourage mining, manufacture and internal commerce, with needful connections between the Atlantic and Pacific States—for all these are important interests of freedom. For all the rest, the national emergencies, not individual influences, must determine, as society goes on, the policy and character of the Republican party. Already bearing its part in legislation and in treaties, it feels the necessity of being practical in its care of the national health and life, while it leaves metaphysical speculation to those whose duty it is to cultivate the ennobling science of political philosophy.

But in the midst of these subjects, or rather before fully reaching them, the Republican party encounters, unexpectedly, a new and potential issue—one prior, and therefore paramount, to all others, one of national life and death. Just as if so much had not been already conceded—nay, just as if nothing at all had ever been conceded to the interest of capital invested in men, we hear menaces of disunion, louder, more distinct, more emphatic than ever, with the condition annexed that they shall be executed the moment that a Republican administration, though constitutionally elected, shall assume the government.

I do not certainly know that the people are prepared to call such an Administration to power. I know only that, through a succession of floods which never greatly excite, and ebbs which never entirely discourage me, the volume of Republicanism rises continually higher and higher. They are probably wise whose apprehensions admonish them that it is already strong enough for effect.

Hitherto the Republican party has been content with one self-interrogatory—how many votes it can cast? These threats enforce another—has it determination enough to cast them? This latter question touches its spirit and pride. I am quite sure, however, that, as it has hitherto practised self-denial in so many other forms, it will in this emergency lay aside all impatience of temper, together with all ambition, and will consider these extraordinary declamations seriously and with a just moderation. It would be a waste of words to demonstrate that they are unconstitutional, and equally idle to show that the responsibility for disunion, attempted or effected, must rest not with those who, in the exercise of constitutional authority, maintain the government, but with those who unconstitutionally engage in the mad work of subverting it.

What are the excuses for these menaces? They resolve themselves into this, that the Republican party in the North is hostile to the South. But it already is proved to be a majority in the North; it is therefore practically the people of the North. Will it not still be the same North that has forborne with you so long and conceded to you so much? Can you justly assume that affection which has been so complying can all at once change to hatred intense and inexorable?

You say that the Republican party is a sectional one. Is the Democratic party less sectional? Is it easier for us to bear your sectional sway than for you to bear ours? Is it unreasonable that for once we should alternate? But is the Republican party sectional? Not unless the Democratic party is. The Republican party prevails in the House of Representatives sometimes; the Democratic party in the Senate always. Which of the two is the most proscriptive? Come, if you will, into the free States, into the State of New York, anywhere from Lake Erie to Sag Harbor, among my neighbors in the Owasco Valley, hold your conventions, nominate your candidates, address the people, submit to them, fully, earnestly, eloquently, all your complaints and grievances of Northern disloyalty, oppression, perfidy; keep nothing back, speak just as freely and as loudly there as you do here; you will have hospitable welcomes, and appreciating audiences, with ballot-boxes open for all the votes you can win. Are you less sectional than this? Extend to us the same privileges, and I will engage that you will very soon have in the South as many Republicans as we have Democrats in the North. There is, however, a better test of nationality than the accidental location of parties. Our policy of labor in the Territories was not sectional in the first forty years of the Republic. Its nature inheres. It will be national again, during the third forty years, and forever afterwards. It is not wise and beneficent for us alone or injurious to you alone. Its effects are equal, and the same for us all.

You accuse the Republican party of ulterior and secret designs. How can a party that counts its votes in this land of free speech and free press by the hundreds of thousands have any secret designs? Who is the conjurer, and where are the hidden springs by which he can control its uncongregated and widely-dispersed masses, and direct them to objects unseen and purposes unavowed? But what are these hidden purposes? You name only one. That one is to introduce negro equality among you. Suppose we had the power to change your social system: what warrant have you for supposing that we should carry negro equality among you? We know, and we will show you, if you will only give heed, that what our system of labor works out, wherever it works out anything, is the equality of white men. The laborer in the free States, no matter how humble his occupation, is a white man, and he is politically the equal of his employer. Eighteen of our thirty-three States are free-labor States. There they are: Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, California and Oregon. I do not array them in contrast with the capital States. I am no assailant of States. All of the States are parcels of my own country—the best of them not so wise and great as I am sure it will hereafter be; the State least developed and perfected among them all is wiser and better than any foreign state I know. Is it then in any, and in which, of the States I have named that negro equality offends the white man's pride? Throughout the wide world, where is the State where class and caste are so utterly extinguished as they are in each and every one of them? Let the European immigrant, who avoids the African as if his skin exhaled contagion, answer. You find him always in the State where labor is ever free. Did Washington, Jefferson and Henry, when they implored you to relinquish your system and accept the one we have adopted, propose to sink you down to the level of the African, or was it their desire to exalt all white men to a common political elevation?

But we do not seek to force, or even to intrude, our system on you. We are excluded justly, wisely and contentedly from all political power and responsibility in your capital States. You are sovereign on the subject of slavery within your own borders, as we are on the same subject within our borders. It is well and wisely so arranged. Use your authority to maintain what system you please. We are not distrustful of the result. We have wisely, as we think, exercised ours to protect and perfect the manhood of the members of the State. The whole sovereignty upon domestic concerns within the Union is divided between us by unmistakable boundaries. You have your fifteen distinct parts; we eighteen parts, equally distinct. Each must be maintained in order that the whole may be preserved. If ours shall be assailed, within or without, by any enemy, or for any cause, and we shall have need, we shall expect you to defend it. If yours shall be so assailed, in the emergency, no matter what the cause or the pretext, or who the foe, we shall defend your sovereignty as the equivalent of our own. We cannot, indeed, accept your system of capital or its ethics. That would be to surrender and subvert our own, which we esteem to be better. Besides, if we could, what need for any division into States at all? You are equally at liberty to reject our system and its ethics, and to maintain the superiority of your own by all the forces of persuasion and argument. We must, indeed, mutually discuss both systems. All the world discusses all systems. Especially must we discuss them since we have to decide as a nation which of the two we ought to ingraft on the new and future States growing up in the great public domain. Discussion then being unavoidable, what could be more wise than to conduct it with mutual toleration and in a fraternal spirit?

You complain that Republicans discourse too boldly and directly, when they express with confidence their belief that the system of labor will, in the end, be universally accepted by the capital States, acting for themselves, and in conformity with their own Constitutions, while they sanction too unreservedly books designed to advocate emancipation. But surely you can hardly expect the Federal Government or the political parties of the nation to maintain a censorship of the press or of debate. The theory of our system is that error of opinion may in all cases safely be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it. Will it be claimed that more of moderation and tenderness in debate are exhibited on your side of the great argument than our own? We all learned our polemics, as well as our principles, from a common master. We are sure that we do not, on our side, exceed his lessons and example. Thomas Jefferson addressed Dr. Price, an Englishman, concerning his treatise on emancipation in America, in this fashion:

"Southward of the Chesapeake, your book will find but few readers concurring with it in sentiment on the subject of slavery. From the mouth to the head of the Chesapeake, the bulk of the people will approve it in theory, and it will find a respectable minority ready to adopt it in practice; a minority which, for weight and worth of character, preponderates against the greater number who have not the courage to divest their families of a property which, however, keeps their consciences unquiet. Northward of the Chesapeake, you may find here and there an opponent of your doctrine, as you may find here and there a robber or a murderer; but in no greater number."

"This (Virginia) is the next State to which we may turn our eyes for the interesting spectacle of justice in conflict with avarice and oppression—a conflict where the sacred side is gaining daily new recruits from the influx into office of young men, grown and growing up."

"Be not, then, discouraged. What you have written will do a great deal of good; and could you still trouble yourself about our welfare, no man is more able to help the laboring side."

You see, sir, that whether we go for or against slavery anywhere, we must follow Southern guides. You may change your pilots with the winds or the currents; but we, whose nativity, reckoned under the North Star, has rendered us somewhat superstitious, must be excused for constancy in following the guidance of those who framed the national ship and gave us the chart for its noble voyage.

A profound respect and friendly regard for the Vice-President of the United States has induced me to weigh carefully the testimony he has given on the subject of the hostility against the South imputed to the Republican party, as derived from the relations of the representatives of the two parties at this capital. He says that he has seen here in the representatives of the lower Southern States a most resolute and earnest spirit of resistance to the Republican party; that he perceives a sensible loss of that spirit of brotherhood and that feeling of loyalty, together with that love for a common country, which are at last the surest cement of the Union; so that, in the present unhappy condition of affairs, he is almost tempted to exclaim that we are dissolving week by week and month by month; that the threads are gradually fretting themselves asunder; and a stranger might suppose that the Executive of the United States was the President of two hostile Republics. It is not for me to raise a doubt upon the correctness of this picture, so far as the Southern groups upon the canvas are concerned, but I must be indulged in the opinion that I can pronounce as accurately concerning the Northern or Republican representatives here as any one. I know their public haunts and their private ways. We are not a hostile Republic, or representatives of one. We confer together, but only as the organs of every party do, and must do in a political system which obliges us to act sometimes as partisans, while it requires us always to be patriots and statesmen. Differences of opinion, even on the subject of slavery, with us are political, not social or personal differences. There is not one disunionist or disloyalist among us all. We are altogether unconscious of any process of dissolution going on among us or around us. We have never been more patient, never loved the representatives of other sections more than now. We bear the same testimony for the people around us here, who, though in the very centre where the bolt of disunion must fall first and be most fearful in its effect, seemed never less disturbed than now. We bear the same testimony for all the districts and States we represent. The people of the North are not enemies, but friends and brethren, of the South, faithful and true as in the days when death has dealt his arrows promiscuously among them on common battle-fields of freedom.

We will not suffer ourselves here to dwell on any evidences of a different temper in the South; but we shall be content with expressing our belief that hostility that is not designedly provoked, and that cannot provoke retaliation, is an anomaly that must be traced to casual excitements, which cannot perpetuate alienation.

A canvass for a Presidential election, in some respects more important, perhaps, than any since 1800, has recently begun. The House of Representatives was to be organized by a majority, while no party could cast more than a plurality of votes. The gloom of the late tragedy in Virginia rested on the Capitol from the day when Congress assembled. While the two great political parties were peacefully, lawfully and constitutionally, though zealously, conducting the great national issue between free labor and capital labor for the Territories to its proper solution, through the trials of the ballot, operating directly or indirectly on the various departments of the government, a band of exceptional men, contemptuous equally of that great question and of the parties to the controversy, and impatient of the constitutional system which confines the citizens of every State to political action by suffrage, in organized parties within their own borders, inspired by an enthusiasm peculiar to themselves, and exasperated by grievances and wrongs that some of them had suffered by inroads of armed propagandists of slavery in Kansas, unlawful as their own retaliation was, attempted to subvert slavery in Virginia by conspiracy, ambush, invasion and force. The method we have adopted, of appealing to the reason and judgment of the people, to be pronounced by suffrage, is the only one by which free government can be maintained anywhere, and the only one as yet devised which is in harmony with the spirit of the Christian religion. While generous and charitable natures will probably concede that John Brown and his associates acted on earnest though fatally erroneous convictions, yet all good citizens will nevertheless agree that this attempt to execute an unlawful purpose in Virginia by invasion, involving servile war, was an act of sedition and treason, and criminal in just the extent that it affected the public peace and was destructive of human happiness and human life. It is a painful reflection that, after so long an experience of the beneficent working of our system as we have enjoyed, we have had these new illustrations in Kansas and Virginia of the existence among us of a class of men so misguided and so desperate as to seek to enforce their peculiar principles by the sword, drawing after it a need for the further illustration by their punishment of that great moral truth especially applicable in a Republic, that they who take up the sword as a weapon of controversy shall perish by the sword. In the latter case, the lamented deaths of so many citizens, slain from an ambush and by surprise—all the more lamentable because they were innocent victims of a frenzy kindled without their agency, in far distant fires—the deaths even of the offenders themselves, pitiable, although necessary and just, because they acted under delirium, which blinded their judgments to the real nature of their criminal enterprise; the alarm and consternation naturally awakened throughout the country, exciting, for the moment, the fear that our whole system, with all its securities for life and liberty, was coming to an end—a fear none the more endurable because continually aggravated by new chimeras to which the great leading event lent an air of probability; surely all these constituted a sum of public misery, which ought to have satisfied the most morbid appetite for social horrors. But, as in the case of the gunpowder plot, and the Salem witchcraft, and the New York colonial negro plot, so now; the original actors were swiftly followed by another kindred class, who sought to prolong and widen the public distress by attempting to direct the indignation which it had excited against parties guiltless equally of complicity and of sympathy with the offenders.

Posterity will decide in all the recent cases where political responsibility for public disasters must fall; and posterity will give little heed to our instructions. It was not until the gloomy reign of Domitian had ended, and liberty and virtue had found assured refuge under the sway of the milder Nerva, that the historian arose whose narrative of that period of tyranny and terror has been accepted by mankind.

The Republican party being thus vindicated against the charge of hostility to the South, which has been offered in excuse for the menaces of unconstitutional resistance in the event of its success, I feel well assured that it will sustain me in meeting them in the spirit of the defender of the English Commonwealth:

"Surely they that shall boast as we do to be a free nation, and having the power, shall not also have the courage to remove, constitutionally, every Governor, whether he be the supreme or subordinate, may please their fancy with a ridiculous and painted freedom, fit to cosen babies, but are, indeed, under tyranny and servitude, as wanting that power, which is the root and source of all liberty, to dispose of and economize in the land which God hath given them, as members of family in their own home and free inheritance. Without which natural and essential power of a free nation, though bearing high their heads, they can, in due esteem, be thought no better than slaves and vassals born in the tenure and occupation of another inheriting lord, whose government, though not illegal or intolerable, hangs on them as a lordly scourge, not as a free government."

The Republican party knows, as the whole country will ultimately come to understand, that the noblest objects of natural life must perish if that life shall be lost, and, therefore, it will accept the issue tendered. It will take up the word Union, which others are so willing to renounce, and, combining it with the other glorious thought, Liberty, which has been its inspiration so long, it will move firmly onward, with the motto inscribed on its banner, "UNION AND LIBERTY, come what may, in victory as in defeat, in power as out of power, now and forever."

If the Republican party maintain the Union, who and what party is to assail it? Only the Democratic party, for there is no other. Will the Democratic party take up the assault? The menaces of disunion are made, though not in its name, yet in its behalf. It must avow or disavow them. Its silence, thus far, is portentous, but is not alarming. The effect of the intimidation, if successful, would be to continue the rule of the Democratic party, though a minority, by terror. It certainly ought to need no more than this to secure the success of the Republican party. If, indeed, the time has come when the Democratic party must rule by terror, instead of ruling through conceded public confidence, then it is quite certain that it cannot be dismissed from power too soon. Ruling on that odious principle, it could not long save either the Constitution or public liberty. But I shall not believe the Democratic party will consent to stand in this position, though it does, through the action of its representatives, seem to cover and sustain those who threaten disunion. I know the Democracy of the North. I know them now in their waning strength. I do not know a possible disunionist among them all. I believe they will be as faithful to the Union now as they were in the bygone days when their ranks were full, and their challenge to the combat was always the war-cry of victory. But, if it shall prove otherwise, then the world will all the sooner know that every party in this country must stand on Union ground; that the American people will sustain no party that is not capable of making a sacrifice of its ambition on the altar of the country; that although a party may have never so much of prestige, and never such traditional merit, yet, if it be lacking in the one virtue of loyalty to the Union, all its advantages will be unavailing; and then obnoxious as, through long cherished and obstinate prejudices, the Republican party is in the capital States, yet even there it will advance like an army with banners, winning the favor of the whole people, and it will be armed with the national confidence and support, when it shall be found the only party that defends and maintains the integrity of the Union.

Those who seek to awaken the terrors of disunion seem to me to have too hastily considered the conditions under which they are to make their attempt. Who believes that a Republican administration and Congress could practise tyranny under a Constitution which interposes so many checks as ours? Yet that tyranny must not only be practised, but must be intolerable, and there must be no remaining hope for constitutional relief, before forcible resistance can find ground to stand on anywhere.

The people of the United States, acting in conformity with the Constitution, are the supreme tribunal to try and determine all political issues. They are as competent to decide the issues of to-day as they have been heretofore to decide the issues of other days. They can reconsider hereafter, and reverse, if need be, the judgment they shall pronounce to-day, as they have more than once reconsidered and reversed their judgments in former times. It needs no revolution to correct any error, or prevent any danger, under any circumstances.

Nor is any new or special cause for revolution likely to occur under a Republican administration. We are engaged in no new transaction, not even in a new dispute. Our fathers undertook a great work for themselves, for us, and for our successors—to erect a free and federal empire, whose arches shall span the North American continent, and reflect the rays of the sun throughout his whole passage from the one to the other of the great oceans. They erected thirteen of its columns all at once. These are standing now, the admiration of mankind. Their successors added twenty more; even we who are here have shaped and elevated three of that twenty, and all these are as firm and steadfast as the first thirteen; and more will yet be necessary when we shall have rested from our labors. Some among us prefer for these columns a composite material; others, the pure white marble. Our fathers and our predecessors differed in the same way, and on the same point. What execrations should we not all unite in pronouncing on any statesman who heretofore, from mere disappointment and disgust at being overruled in his choice of materials for any new column then to be quarried, should have laid violent hands on the imperfect structure and brought it down to the earth, there to remain a wreck, instead of a citadel of a world's best hopes!

I remain now in the opinion I have uniformly expressed here and elsewhere, that these hasty threats of disunion are so unnatural that they will find no hand to execute them. We are of one race, one language, liberty and faith; engaged, indeed, in varied industry; but even that industry, so diversified, brings us into more intimate relations with each other than any other people, however homogeneous, and though living under a consolidated government, ever maintained. We languish throughout, if one joint of our Federal frame is smitten; while it is certain that a part dissevered must perish. You may refine as you please about the structure of the government, and say that it is a compact, and that a breach, by one of the States or by Congress, of any one article, absolves all the members from allegiance, and that the States may separate when they have, or fancy they have, cause for war. But once try to subvert it, and you will find that it is a government of the whole people—as individuals as well as a compact of States; that every individual member of the body-politic is conscious of his interest and power in it, and knows that he will be helpless, powerless, hopeless, when it shall have gone down. Mankind have a natural right, a natural instinct and a natural capacity for self-government; and when, as here, they are sufficiently ripened by culture, they will and must have self-government and no other. The framers of our Constitution, with a wisdom that surpassed all previous understanding among men, adapted it to these inherent elements of human nature. He strangely, blindly misunderstands the anatomy of the great system who thinks that its only bonds, or even its strongest ligaments, are the written compact, or even the multiplied and thoroughly ramified roads and thoroughfares of trade, commerce and social intercourse. These are strong indeed, but its chiefest instruments of cohesion—those which render it inseparable and indivisible—are the millions of fibres of millions of contented, happy human hearts, binding by their affections, their ambitions and their best hopes equally the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the wise and unwise, the learned and the untutored, even the good and the bad, to a government, the first, the last and the only such one that has ever existed, which takes equal heed always of their wants, their wishes, and their opinions; and appeals to them all, individually, once in a year, or in two years, or at least in four years, for their expressed consent and renewal, without which it must cease. No, go where you will, and to what class you may, with commissions for your fatal service in one hand, and your bounty counted by the hundred or the thousand pieces of silver in the other, a thousand resisters will rise up for every recruit you can engage. On the banks equally of the St. Lawrence and of the Rio Grande, on the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts, on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico and in the dells of the Rocky Mountains, among the fishermen on the banks of Newfoundland, the weavers and spinners of Massachusetts, the stevedores of New York, the miners of Pennsylvania, Pike's Peak, and California, the wheat-growers of Indiana, the cotton and the sugar planters on the Mississippi, among the voluntary citizens from every other land, not less than the native born, the Christian and the Jew, among the Indians on the prairies, the contumacious Mormons in Deseret, the Africans free, the Africans in bondage, the inmates of hospitals and almshouses, and even the criminals in the penitentiaries, rehearse the story of your wrongs and their own, never so eloquently and never so mournfully, and appeal to them to rise. They will ask you, "Is this all?" "Are you more just than Washington, wiser than Hamilton, more humane than Jefferson?" "What new form of government or of union have you the power to establish, or even the cunning to devise, that will be more just, more safe, more free, more gentle, more beneficent or more glorious than this?" And by these simple interrogatories you will be silenced and confounded.

Mr. President, we are perpetually forgetting this subtle and complex, yet obvious and natural, mechanism of our Constitution; and because we do forget it, we are constantly wondering how it is that a confederacy of thirty and more States, covering regions so vast, and regulating interests so various of so many millions of men, constituted and conditioned so diversely, works right on. We are continually looking to see it stop and stand still, or fall suddenly into pieces. But, in truth, it will not stop; it cannot stop; it was made not to stop, but to keep in motion—in motion always, and without force. For my own part, as this wonderful machine, when it had newly come from the hands of its almost divine inventors, was the admiration of my earlier years, although it was then but imperfectly known abroad, so now, when it forms the central figure in the economy of the world's civilization, and the best sympathies of mankind favor its continuance, I expect that it will stand and work right on until men shall fear its failure no more than we now apprehend that the sun will cease to hold his eternal place in the heavens.

Nevertheless, I do not expect to see this purely popular though majestic system always working on unattended by the presence and exhibition of human temper and human passions. That would be to expect to enjoy rewards, benefits, and blessings, without labor, care and watchfulness—an expectation contrary to divine appointment. These are the discipline of the American citizen, and he must inure himself to it. When, as now, a great policy, fastened upon the country through its doubts and fears, confirmed by its habits, and strengthened by personal interests and ambitions, is to be relaxed and changed, in order that the nation may have its just, and natural, and free developments, then, indeed, all the winds of controversy are let loose upon us from all points of the political compass, we see objects and men only through mazes, mists and doubtful and lurid lights. The earth seems to be heaving under our feet, and the pillars of the noble fabric that protects us to be trembling before our eyes. But the appointed end of all this agitation comes at last, and always seasonably; the tumults of the people subside; the country becomes calm once more; and then we find that only our senses have been disturbed, and that they have betrayed us. The earth is firm as always before, and the wonderful structure, for whose safety we have feared so anxiously, now more firmly fixed than ever, still stands unmoved, enduring and immovable.

THE SENATORIAL INQUISITION.

TESTIMONY OF GEORGE L. STEARNS.

GEORGE L. STEARNS, of Boston, was before the Senate Brown Raid Committee, Feb. 24, and testified as follows: I did not take any active interest in the Kansas affairs until the attack on Lawrence and the destruction of the hotel and other private property in that town roused me to the importance of active exertion in behalf of that portion of our fellow-citizens who were thus assailed. The assault on Charles Sumner in the Senate chamber at Washington, which followed closely on the attack of Lawrence, at once determined me to devote all my energies to the work of making Kansas a free State, and I immediately went to the Boston committee for the relief of the sufferers in Kansas, and offered my services. I worked for them until June of that year, and then, being willing to devote all my time to the cause, was made chairman of the State Kansas Committee of Massachusetts, which took the place of the first named committee, and continued the work throughout the State. In five months, including August and December of that year, I raised through my agents about forty-eight thousand dollars, and in the same time my wife commenced the formation of societies for contributions of clothing, which resulted in sending from twenty to thirty thousand dollars more in supplies of various kinds. In January, 1857, our work was stopped by advices from Kansas that no more contributions were needed, except for defence. If we had not been thus stopped, our arrangements then made would have enabled us to collect one hundred thousand dollars in the next six months. Soon after our committee had commenced work—I think in August, 1856—a messenger from Kansas, who had to travel through Iowa, for the Missouri river was then closed by the Missourians to all free State travellers, came to us, asking earnestly for arms and ammunition for the defence of the free State party. Our committee met the next day, and immediately voted to send two hundred Sharp's rifles and the necessary quantity of ammunition, which were procured and sent to the National Kansas Committee at Chicago, to be by them forwarded through Iowa to Kansas. From some cause, which I have never heard explained, these arms were delayed in Iowa, and in November or December of that year we directed an agent to proceed to Iowa at our charge and take possession of them as our property. Early in January, 1857, John Brown, of whom I had heard, but not seen, came to Boston, and was introduced to me by one of our Kansas agents, and, after repeated conferences with him, being strongly impressed with his sagacity, courage and stern integrity, I, through a vote of our committee, made him our agent to receive and hold their arms and ammunition for the *defence* of Kansas, appropriating five hundred dollars to pay his expenses. Subsequently, in April of that year, we authorized him to sell one hundred rifles if expedient, and voted five hundred dollars more to enable him to proceed to Kansas with his armament. About this time, on his representing that the force to be organized in Kansas ought to be provided with revolvers, I authorized him to purchase two hundred from the Massachusetts Arms Company; and when they were delivered to him in Iowa, I paid thirteen hundred dollars for them from my own funds. At the same time, I gave him authority, by a letter of credit, to draw on me at sight for seven thousand dollars, in sums as it might be wanted, for the subsistence of one hundred men, provided that it should be necessary at any time to call that number into the field for active service in the defence of Kansas in 1857. As the exigency contemplated did not arise, no money was drawn for under it, and the letter was subsequently returned to me. In the summer of 1857, I contributed with others one thousand dollars to purchase an addition to the farm then and now occupied by Brown's family at North Elba.

The money was paid by my agent for that purpose, and satisfactory evidence given me on his return that a proper conveyance of the land had been made to the family of John Brown. My subscription to that fund was two hundred and sixty dollars. Besides these transactions, which were for specific purposes, I gave him money from time to time—how much I do not know, as I never keep any account of my personal expenses, or the money given to others. It is all charged to my private account, as paid me. I should think it might amount to two thousand dollars. About May, 1858, I saw a letter from Henry Wilson to Dr. Howe, and also one or two from a Mr. Forbes. I had never heard of Forbes until I saw his letters, which were so coarse and insulting in their language, and incorrect in ascribing to others what I had done, that I concluded he was an adventurer, whose only aim was to extort money; but, at Dr. Howe's request, I wrote the letter to John Brown, dated May 14, 1858, a copy of which he forwarded to you; in addition to what I have before stated, I raised money and sent an agent to Kansas to aid the Free State party in the Lecompton election, and again for the election in 1858. Witness lived in Medford; was first introduced to Brown in Boston, in January, 1857; Brown did not then ask aid; did not know Brown's plans; Brown said, to carry out his plans he must control them—they must not be divulged; Brown read from newspaper scraps the orders to the United States army in Utah, and said such want of secrecy gave aid to the enemy; witness respected Brown's feeling; did not ask Brown's plans; Brown did not tell him; witness knew John Brown, Jr.; he was at witness's house in August, 1859, and was introduced; he said he came to see his father's friends in Boston; he dined with witness, and showed great appreciation of objects of art in the room, and love for flowers while walking in the garden. Senator Mason showed witness a letter from John Brown, Jr., to Kagi, found in John Brown's carpet bag, and pointed out this passage, "Tell friend Isaac, the man who lives in Medford and does business in Milk street says he approves your plans," and asked witness if street says he approves your plans," and asked witness if the statement was correct? Witness said it was not; did not know his plans; had no conversation about them; sent a merely complimentary message by John Brown, Jr., to his father; did not know John Brown by the title of "Friend Isaac"; John Brown, Jr., did not ask witness for money to aid in any way; could not remember Senator Wilson's letter to Dr. Howe; its contents had passed from his memory, but from his knowledge of Wilson's opinions, who was always opposed to any attacks by free State men in Kansas, particularly on United States troops, as Wilson said, if they were attacked, the United States would crush them—from these opinions witness thought Wilson unacquainted with Brown's plans; had never seen Merriam until since the Harper's Ferry raid; the person he supposed to be Merriam had called on witness, and begun to talk of the Harper's Ferry affair; witness told him he was too busy to hear him; the person persisted, and witness peremptorily refused to hear and left him; John Brown came to Boston in May, 1859, to get funds; saw him several times at the United States Hotel, and at Dr. Howe's office, and once at a club dinner at the Parker House; understood he went there for funds; the dinner was over before I went in. I stopped about twenty minutes.

In answer to Jefferson Davis, Mr. Stearns said: The

sitting posture, with the knees drawn up so closely that they can hardly breathe, much less move.

Now their sufferings become dreadful, horrible, indeed, human language is incapable of describing or imagination of sketching even the faint outline of a dimly-floating fancy of what their condition is—home-sick, sea-sick, half-starved, naked, crying for air, for water, the strong killing the weak or dying, in order to make room; the hold becomes a perfect charnel house of death and misery—a misery and anguish only conceivable by those who have endured it. Ophthalmia breaks out; every new case is thrown overboard, under the supposition that the disease is contagious, and those who are dying meet the same fate. This is no fancy sketch. Only the other day a memorable instance of it came under our immediate observation. We will refer to it directly.

Is not such a demoniacal traffic to be suppressed at all hazards?

If we are really determined to suppress the trade, the next question is, what means should be adopted? In addition to the necessity for the enactment of a law embracing the prohibitions before referred to, the government should employ on the slave coast a large force of small but efficient and swift steamers, in command of the most efficient officers who can be found in the navy, which should be stationed at different points, and have charge over and closely watch a certain extent of coast—thus making it impossible for slavers to leave it. And until this is done, the slave trade will never be suppressed.

This squadron would be highly useful, not only in this way, but in another way, not less important; *that is, in attending to the duty of searching American vessels, in preventing English navy officers from violating their positive orders not to interfere with American ships; in protecting our legal traders from annoyance by them, in making our flag respected, and in securing to our own war vessels their own proper prizes.*

In a pamphlet by Commander A. Foote, of the United States Navy, on the subject of the African Squadron, he quotes as follows from the instructions to the senior officer of Her Britannic Majesty's cruisers on the west coast of Africa, in relation to the Treaty of Washington: "By the Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral of Great Britain and Ireland, the commanding officers of Her Majesty's ships on the African station will bear in mind that it is no part of their duty to capture or *visit*, or in any way interfere with, vessels of the United States, *whether those vessels shall have slaves on board or not.*" And yet, in spite of these plain, positive, direct orders from the Admiralty, to our certain knowledge not only do the English officers on the African station board, *visit* and interfere with vessels under American colors, detaining some of them, but they even capture them. An instance of this has but lately occurred, in the case of the brig Tavernier, of New York, captured by H. M. S. Viper, and sent to St. Helena for condemnation. We fell in with this brig near St. Paul de Loando, in charge of the first-lieutenant of the Viper. On being boarded, he said he could not give her up; that when first seen by the Viper, she was under American colors; but that when he pushed off his boat from the Viper, to *visit* her (which he had no right to do), she hauled down the American flag, and threw the papers overboard, denying her nationality on being questioned; consequently, he captured her. Some of the English prize crew, however, stated to our boat's crew that the captain did not haul down his flag, but stuck to his colors until the English crew, or the boarding-officer himself, hauled them down. If this be true, the English officers here not only violated their positive orders, in connection with the treaty, but captured a lawful American prize, which they have not delivered up. Here they are detaining vessels on the coast, to hand over to American cruisers; and yet, when they happen to have slaves aboard, they keep them, and fill their own pockets with the prize-money. This money is, however, a secondary consideration in connection with this vitally important subject.

The brig Tavernier had nearly six hundred slaves on board of her when captured. Most of them were mere children, from eight to sixteen years old, with some women, all naked. When visited by the officers of this ship, although in better condition than when captured, the scene was frightful. Some were dying, many sick, all miserable and suffering from the effects of cold, damp night air, producing bronchitis and cough. The officers were so horrified that they desire never again to look on such a scene. Now, these negroes will be sent from St. Helena to the West Indies, as apprentices, and their ultimate condition be but little better than if they had proceeded to their original destination; whereas, if delivered up to this ship, as they should have been, they would have been freed at Monrovia, their hearts gladdened and made happy at the sight of their deliverers, as we saw in the case of some of those from the Echo.

As an illustration of the address of these slavers, we may state that a slave captain in Loando said to us that he would wager to inform the captain of a man-of-war that, within a certain fixed time, he would take a cargo of slaves from one of three named points on the coast, and that he would not be able to catch him. Thus we see what care, vigilance and efficiency are needed to put down this vile work.

Human blood is crying out from the holds of hundreds of slave ships, in the name of our common humanity, to come to the rescue, to send the power to stop it, and the means and ability to enforce that power, to this African coast; and, with an iron hand, to strangle the demoniacal traffickers in human souls. Shall it be that our country, whose flag so often covers this piratical trade, will not deliver itself from the odium of not doing what lies in its power to suppress it, and to fulfil its treaty obligations? Can we believe that it is the will of our people that such scenes as were beheld on the Tavernier shall be enacted daily on this coast—children torn from their homes, almost the very babes from their mothers' breasts, and carried off far from their native land, perhaps to meet a horrible death in the reeking hold of a slave ship, or a worse fate, in the living death, the protracted torture, of life slavery? Let the *friends* of freedom and humanity redouble their efforts; let them demand that the Government, their Senators and Representatives in Congress, shall inquire into this foul wrong, and clothe the proper persons with the power sufficient to exterminate every vestige of this diabolical Vandalism. Until this be done, our flag must incur the constant odium of being the protector of it. We have seen instances, in which insult has been offered to that flag, of the proud spirit and determined energy that have resented it. Shall this slave trade, this most nefarious piracy and murder, be carried on under that flag, and yet nothing be done to stop it, to protect that flag in its proper and legal relations, to maintain for it that high character we claim, to render null the charge of the English Government, that we observe our treaty stipulations simply in the letter, and not in the spirit, and hardly even that?

We have seen, by extracts from late papers, that even women of New York have capital invested in the trade. Can this be? If so, we can hardly believe they are American women. We can possibly conceive of such women as we have seen enjoying the last agonies of a dying bull, in his warm gore, in the arena, at a bull fight, engaging in such work; but the mere supposition that American women could be guilty of supplying the money to carry on, and of taking the profits arising from, the slave trade, as we have seen it here on the coast, is too monstrous for belief.

With this we close. It is our earnest hope that some attention may be called to this important theme, and some decisive action taken in regard to it. Here is a chance for some one to distinguish himself. Who shall it be?

JUSTITIA.

From the St. Helena Herald, Jan. 5, 1860.

That there is no diminution of the trade in slaves taken from West Africa to the Island of Cuba is a fact which receives confirmation but too often. And that the odious traffic is carried on under the protection and to the desecration of the American flag is also a most glaring truth If any confirmation were wanting as to the verity of the above statements, we direct the attention of the querist to the examination which has lately been held at our Police office relative to the nationality of the three persons who were permitted by Lieut.-Commander Simpson, of Her Majesty's steamer Pluto, to be landed here from the last slaver captured by him.

The slaver captured by H. M. S. Pluto and brought to this port for adjudication on the 24th ult. was boarded by the U. S. S. Mystic the month previous, and only a few days before the Pluto caught her. When the Mystic boarded her, she had not then received her live cargo; but she had everything prepared for so doing. Still, there was nothing in her but what was on her manifest, except that the casks (168 in number) were *filled* with water instead of being *partially* filled. The captain of the Mystic knew that such evidence of her slaving intention was not enough to cause him to seize her, and he contented himself with watching her motions.

It was about this time that the American flag-officer on the coast sent for the Mystic on particular service, and while absent the Orion took a cargo of 900 slaves and was proceeding on her voyage when the Pluto took her. The capture took place in lat. 4° 15′ south, and long. 9° 30′ east. At daylight on the morning of the 30th of November, the Pluto discovered the bark about 6 miles off, with all sail set, standing northward. Chase was given, and about 8 a. m. the commander of the Pluto came up with, boarded and seized her. She had no colors flying at that time, and her name was painted over. Mr. Lamb, R. N., who came up in charge, makes affidavit that she had no name, and that there were no papers of any description found on board which could in the least tend to discover her nationality. By a careful observation of her stern the words "Orion of New York" can be seen through the paint put over to hide them. At the time of her capture she had on board 674 males and 200 female negroes. During the passage hither 108 males and 38 females died—so that a total of 728 out of 874 were delivered up to the superintendent of the African Department. Between the landing of the negroes and the condemning of the vessel 16 males and 3 females died.

A few days after the capture of the Orion by the Pluto, news of it was taken to the American flag-officer on the coast, who immediately despatched Capt. Le Roy in the United steamer Mystic to this port, with a request to the Governor that the captain of the slaver, Morgan, and his two mates, Chamberlain and Dunning, might be delivered up to the United States Government, as they were Americans engaged, according to American law, in piratical practices. His Excellency gave directions for their apprehension, and Capt. Le Roy made his complaint before the magistrate who issued the usual warrant.

On Christmas Eve last the prize came in, having on board the three Americans as passengers (the rest of the crew were landed on the African coast), who were immediately apprehended and brought before the Court, where evidence of their nationality was given by the officers of the Mystic.

The evidence before the Court was of the most convincing description, each witness helping to forge a long and strong chain in which not a link seems wanting or weak; and we fancy that the prisoners' lawyers must be very 'cute fellows if they succeed in persuading a jury of their countrymen to let them go without a verdict of guilty.

Capt. Le Roy deposed that on the 12th November, in consequence of information received, he went in search of the Orion, and came up with her on the 14th, when he sent one of his officers on board to examine her in order to ascertain whether or not she was engaged in the slave trade. The Orion's papers were found to be correct, so the vessel was not seized, although Capt. Le Roy felt assured that her object on the coast was not a lawful one. Morgan, the commander of the Orion, being sick at the time of the boarding of his vessel, as were also some of his crew, sent word to Capt. Le Roy that he required assistance to get his vessel anchored in shore. The required assistance was granted. Capt. Le Roy identified the vessel as the one to which he had rendered assistance; but as he went not on board, he knew neither of the defendants.

The second witness, Donald McNeill Fairfax, first-lieutenant of the Mystic, was the officer who boarded the Orion on the 14th November; he deposes that he then and there saw the defendant, Thomas Morgan, and, after having told him of the object of his visit, examined the register of the vessel and also the manifest. The captain's name was entered on the papers as Thomas Morgan. Morgan told witness that he was the captain, and that he had cleared in New York. On examining the vessel, a large number of water casks were found to be quite filled, whereas in the manifest they were entered as being but partially filled. There was on board a large quantity of rice, beans and bread—her slave deck was laid ready, but lumbered over. Lieut. Fairfax pointed out to Morgan a discrepancy as to the statement of the sick. Chamberlain, the mate, said there were five well men on board, whereas he (Morgan) had said there were but two. Lieut. Fairfax told Morgan he thought the men were shamming sickness, but, as he asked for assistance, he would tell the captain of the Mystic the circumstances, who would send a sufficient number of men and an officer to take him to the Congo, whither both vessels were bound. Besides identifying Morgan as the captain and owner of the vessel, he also identified Dunning, one of the defendants, as having belonged to the Orion.

Lieut. Garland not only corroborated the foregoing testimony, but also added important particulars. He identified all three defendants—Morgan as the captain of the Orion, and Chamberlain and Dunning as mates. He further deposed that when the Orion was hailed from on board the United States steamer Mystic, the response was, "The American bark Orion." The papers shown were from New York, and he was perfectly satisfied the vessel was an American.

The case was remanded until Tuesday, 11 a. m., but, on account of the sickness of Morgan, the examination was not proceeded with until Friday, 30th ult.

The evidence elicited that day was both confirmatory of and extending all the foregoing. Mr. Wardell, the acting master's mate on board the Mystic, declared that the papers produced by Capt. Morgan were *signed by the Custom-House officers of New York*, and that Morgan was therein named as being sole owner of the bark Orion. He also declared that, being on board the Orion on her way to the Congo, from the place where first boarded, he asked the steward, when an American steamer of war hove in sight, for the vessel's flag. The steward brought an American flag, which was hoisted at the mizzen peak—that Capt. Morgan was aware of the American flag being hoisted, and made no objection. Mr. Wardell further declared that the American flag was set on the Orion's mizzen rigging at the Mouth of the Congo, after the Mystic's assistance had been withdrawn, and that Capt. Morgan asked for help to pump his vessel out. Mr. Wardell swore that the vessel now in harbor, and a prize to H. M. S. Pluto, is the identical one he saw and boarded off the Coast of Africa. He also recognizes the three prisoners as the captain and two mates of the Orion.

The next witness, Mr. Green, was sent on board by Captain Le Roy to compare the known signatures of the officers of New York with those on the papers produced by Mr. Morgan. He found them to correspond, and stated that, while on board, the bark was worked by the men from the Mystic, although he was sure there were men enough well to do the duty—that Chamberlain told him so. Mr. Green proved that the American flag was flying on board the Orion when the Mystic's men were on board and when they were not.

Lieut. Fairfax, having been recalled, proved that the Orion flew the American ensign both at and after the time the Mystic rendered her assistance. He also proved that the vessel he visited off the coast and the one now in harbor as a prize to H. M. S. Pluto are identical from the various recognized portions.

The senior medical officer of the Mystic, Dr. Harrison, identified the prisoners at the bar, he having visited Morgan, as captain of the Orion, several times, and prescribed for Chamberlain and Dunning.

Mr. Lamb, of H. M. S. Pluto, declared that the prisoners at the bar were in the prize at the time she was captured on the 30th November last—that Morgan represented himself as having been the captain—that when the prize was first discovered, she had American colors flying—that a boat was sent towards her, but that before it got aboard the colors were hauled down, and that neither papers nor colors have since been found. Mr. Lamb further declared that when Morgan was told that the United States ship Mystic was in the harbor, he said, "You won't give me up to them."

We have just heard that His Excellency the *Governor, on the evidence above, has granted the request of the American officer, and has handed over Capt. Morgan and his two mates to their own government.*

BLOOD! BLOOD!—Read the following tale of blood and murder and say whether such horrors would ever occur in any civilized community not cursed by slavery. The Petersburg (Va.) *Express* of Feb. 29th says:

"The usually quiet and law-abiding people of the County of Henry have been intensely excited for the past three or four days, in consequence of a terrible tragedy—or rather a triple tragedy—that was enacted in their midst on Saturday last. It appears, according to the version given us, that, some years since, a granddaughter of the venerable and talented Vincent Witcher, Esq., of Pittsylvania County, married a gentleman from the adjoining County of Henry, whose name was Clemmens. His Christian name we have been unable to ascertain. The maiden name of Mr. Witcher's granddaughter was Smith. The parties lived happily together until about eighteen months since, when, upon the most unfounded suspicions, as we have been informed, Mr. Clemmens desired a separation from his wife, and immediately instituted proceedings for a divorce, at the same time impeaching her honor as the grounds for his course. Last Saturday was set apart for the taking of depositions, and the parties met at a magisterial precinct in Henry Co. Mr. Witcher appeared to defend the suit and protect the honor of his granddaughter. The taking of the depositions progressed; and after the plaintiff had finished with a witness, Mr. Witcher asked a question which greatly exasperated the husband, Mr. Clemmens. He immediately arose, drawing a pistol at the same time, and fired at Mr. Witcher. Mr. Witcher, it seems, also quickly rose, and drew a pistol from his pocket, and, as the ball of his antagonist grazed around the abdomen, he fired, striking Clemmens in the forehead, and killing him instantly. A nephew of Mr. Witcher, and a Mr. Smith, brother of Mrs. Clemmens, hearing the firing, rushed into the room. A brother of Mr. Clemmens, who had also been attracted by the pistol reports, fired at a nephew of Mr. Witcher, the ball taking effect, and producing, it is feared, a fatal wound. Upon seeing his nephew shot, Mr. Vincent Witcher again fired, striking Clemmens No. 2, and killing him instantly. At this stage of the sanguinary affair, Mr. Smith, a brother of Mrs. Clemmens, drew a bowie knife, but had scarcely unsheathed the blade, when he was fired upon by a second brother of Clemmens, the ball taking effect in the shoulder and producing a painful wound. Infuriated by his wound, Mr. Smith rushed upon his antagonist and, with one powerful thrust of the knife, completely disembowelled Clemmens No. 3, the unfortunate man falling dead on the spot. Three of the parties dead, and the other three all wounded, the horrible tragedy here ended. Vincent Witcher, Esq., the chief actor in this truly terrible affair, is widely known throughout Virginia. He served for many years in the Lower House of the Legislature, and subsequently represented his district in the State Senate with signal ability. He is a prominent member of the Whig party, and his name has been repeatedly mentioned in connection with the office of Governor of the Commonwealth. He succeeded Whitmell P. Tunstall, upon the death of that gentleman, as President of the Richmond and Danville Railroad. After two years service, he resigned the presidency of the road, and has since been engaged in the practice of his profession—that of a lawyer. Our informant states that throughout this painful suit, which Mr. Witcher believes to have been instituted against an innocent granddaughter, he has acted with great forbearance, and the part he has been compelled to act will be with none a source of more deep regret than himself.

SLAVE LIFE PREFERRED BY NEGROES.—THE RUSSELL COUNTY CASE.—A few days ago, says the Montgomery (Ala.) *Mail*, Hon. H. Baker, Esq., visited the city, and caused to be introduced a bill in the Legislature, by which twelve free negroes are allowed to become slaves. The bill passed both Houses and was signed by the Governor, the speedy transaction of the affair being caused mainly by the entire confidence which members of both Houses (in which he has frequently served hitherto) have in the personal integrity of Mr. Baker. The facts are briefly these: The negroes, men women and children, have been reared by Mr. Young Edwards, of Russell County, and have always lived with him, as servants. Lately some one informed these negroes that, being free, the sheriff would be required to expel them, under a provision of the Code, within thirty days. At this they were greatly alarmed, and protested that they were unwilling to leave their master, and were perfectly willing to remain as his slaves, and in fact preferred it. Mr. Baker visited the negroes, explained to them their position and rights fully; and the upshot was they induced him to come and lay their case before the Legislature, asking it to allow them to become the slaves of Mr. Edwards. The bill was accordingly passed. It provides that the Probate Court of Russell shall have the negroes brought before it, and diligently take testimony to ascertain if any undue influence has been used to obtain their consent to become slaves; and upon being satisfied that they wittingly, and with full knowledge of their rights, desire to enter a state of servitude, shall decree them to be the slaves of the person they may choose to be their owners.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

NOTICE.

A NUMBER of our subscribers who are receiving their bills about this time will observe that a fraction over the usual price of the paper is charged. It is proper to explain that this difference is made that the year for which they have subscribed may be brought in accordance with the year of the volume. For instance, a subscriber whose year expires April 2d is charged 24 cents additional, so that he may begin the year hereafter in May with No. I. of the new volume. The arrangement is both for his convenience and ours.

CHANGES.

THE conditions necessary to a final settlement of the slavery question—to the only settlement of it which *can* be final, its utter extermination—are manifesting themselves with increased, with unexampled rapidity. Until the appearance of Helper's book, forced upon public attention by extensive gratuitous advertisements in Congress and the Southern papers, the public did not know—and regarded thing!—even should it come by this method (a method which is not and has never been ours), an armed contest between slaveholders and slaves can never again be looked upon by the community in precisely the same manner as before John Brown and his noble associates were murdered, partly by United States troops, the regular body-guard of slavery, and partly by the authorities of Virginia. Since that mockery of justice in which two men, unable to stand, from the effect of recent musket-shots and sabre-cuts, were brought on mattresses to a court for trial, (!) and in which a man whose bearing was impaired by blows upon the head was called to "listen to the reading of the indictment against him," (!) and whose trial went on, regardless of his declaration that he could bear neither what the court said nor what the witnesses said—since the murder of William Thompson on the bridge at Harper's Ferry, after he had been seized and bound as a prisoner—since the deliberate murder of William H. Leman, *after he had surrendered*, by one of the Virginia militia, and the subsequent "setting up" of his body as a target, for rifle-practice, by young gentlemen of Virginia—since the destruction of William S. Bailey's press and newspaper establishment at Newport, Ky., for speaking against slavery—since the violent expulsion of John G. Fee, Daniel Worth, and other Christian ministers, from their Southern parishes, for the same reason—since the insults and outrages that have been heaped upon Northern men, all over the South, on the mere suspicion that they disapproved of slavery—and, finally, since the new device by which a Committee of a legislative body, usurping judicial powers, undertakes to compel citizens of Northern States to go from their homes and business into slaveholding territory, and there reply to an insolent catechizing, under circumstances that will bring Lynch law upon them if they speak freely, and where they have no better security than the word of one of the most infamous of slaveholders for their personal safety—since these occurrences, and the many more like them that have been crowded profusely into the last five months, the people of the North are growing less and less disposed to aid such men, in such a cause! And, far from shouldering the musket, buckling on the knapsack, and marching with Edward Everett to help the slaveholders re-subjugate those slaves who, in taking their freedom, have proved themselves fit for freedom, they are more and more disposed to recognize the justice of Jefferson's declaration, that the Almighty has no attribute which can take side with the slaveholders in such a contest.

which *they* owe them, to the safer shelter of a foreign and monarchical government.

The new light, and the new impulses towards seeking and using the light already in existence, which have been in operation for five months past, must have an immense influence upon the future of our country. Much of the seed thus sown *must* fructify, preparing thousands of hearts, in the South as well as in the North, to take the side of freedom when some great crisis (which may come at any moment) shall compel men to arrange themselves openly on one side or the other of this momentous question. Of what sort this crisis shall be—whether terrific and appalling like that movement of twenty-two Northern men which lately threw the State of Virginia into such convulsive spasms, or growing by a gradual process from some of the multifarious petty acts of tyranny which all Southern men now assume themselves authorized to exercise over all Northern men—human foresight cannot judge. But when this crisis shall come, the seed which is now springing silently, grain by grain, in darkness and seclusion—some by the way-side, some among thorns, some in stony places, and some where tares claimed, and seemed to hold, an absolute monopoly—will spring to light, an obvious, palpable harvest; and many persons who have hitherto, for the sake of peace, acquiesced in slavery's claim of a right (!) of *possession*, or who have, when forced to act, shown themselves more inimical to abolition than to slavery, will pass over to the side of freedom, and show themselves convinced that the cessation of agitation and turmoil in regard to slavery can never come but by the cessation of slavery itself.

Even should this crisis come by the shedding of blood—we mean slaveholders' blood! for the shedding of the blood of slaves and of Abolitionists is a common and an unregarded thing!—even should it come by this method (a method which is not and has never been ours), an armed contest between slaveholders and slaves can never again be looked upon by the community in precisely the same manner as before John Brown and his noble associates were murdered, partly by United States troops, the regular body-guard of slavery, and partly by the authorities of Virginia. Since that mockery of justice in which two men, unable to stand, from the effect of recent musket-shots and sabre-cuts, were brought on mattresses to a court for trial, (!) and in which a man whose bearing was impaired by blows upon the head was called to "listen to the reading of the indictment against him," (!) and whose trial went on, regardless of his declaration that he could bear neither what the court said nor what the witnesses said—since the murder of William Thompson on the bridge at Harper's Ferry, after he had been seized and bound as a prisoner—since the deliberate murder of William H. Leman, *after he had surrendered*, by one of the Virginia militia, and the subsequent "setting up" of his body as a target, for rifle-practice, by young gentlemen of Virginia—since the destruction of William S. Bailey's press and newspaper establishment at Newport, Ky., for speaking against slavery—since the violent expulsion of John G. Fee, Daniel Worth, and other Christian ministers, from their Southern parishes, for the same reason—since the insults and outrages that have been heaped upon Northern men, all over the South, on the mere suspicion that they disapproved of slavery—and, finally, since the new device by which a Committee of a legislative body, usurping judicial powers, undertakes to compel citizens of Northern States to go from their homes and business into slaveholding territory, and there reply to an insolent catechizing, under circumstances that will bring Lynch law upon them if they speak freely, and where they have no better security than the word of one of the most infamous of slaveholders for their personal safety—since these occurrences, and the many more like them that have been crowded profusely into the last five months, the people of the North are growing less and less disposed to aid such men, in such a cause! And, far from shouldering the musket, buckling on the knapsack, and marching with Edward Everett to help the slaveholders re-subjugate those slaves who, in taking their freedom, have proved themselves fit for freedom, they are more and more disposed to recognize the justice of Jefferson's declaration, that the Almighty has no attribute which can take side with the slaveholders in such a contest.

A TIMELY REMONSTRANCE.

NOTHING additional is needed from us, in presenting the following address to the naturalized Irishmen of the United States, from their distinguished countryman, JAMES HAUGHTON, Esq., of Dublin. It commends itself to every good head and heart. We desire to give it the widest circulation we can, in conformity to the vote of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society at the last annual meeting.

TO IRISHMEN IN AMERICA.

COUNTRYMEN: My heart often prompts me to address you in a few words of kindly remonstrance. I wish you so to conduct yourselves in the distant land you have made your home as that your conduct may reflect honor on the loved country you have left behind you, and cause you to be really respected by the people among whom you now dwell. These advantages can only be secured by a steady adherence, on your part, to the principles of truth and honor, which you should make the guiding stars of your life.

You love liberty for yourselves. Be consistent in your advocacy of this universal right of the human race; and claim it as the inalienable privilege of all men—of the colored man as well as the white man.

I fear too many of you have forgotten your duty in this respect, and that thus the fame of old Ireland—which we should shield from the breath of dishonor—is sullied in the eyes of those who should only see reflected in your conduct evidence of the firm determination of our countrymen to stand fast by the noble principles of Christian rectitude.

In the twelfth century, the synod of Armagh proclaimed liberty to every captive in Ireland, and since then a slave has never polluted our green isle.

Remember the faithfulness of O'Connell. Let his memory, which is embalmed in many of our hearts, and his whole life, which was a consistent course in favor of civil and religious liberty, be a beacon of light guiding you in your career. Demand, as he did, that freedom for all which you claim as your own birthright.

Thus, and thus alone, can you secure true respect for yourselves, and cause the stranger to say of your country, "If I were not an American, I should be proud to be an Irishman."

By all your pleasant memories of Ireland; by her glorious mountains and her beautiful valleys; by her verdant plains, which are watered by the streams in which you loved to disport yourselves in childhood; by your love of these things; by your affection for your kindred and friends, and by your honor for Almighty God—I appeal to you, and I ask you to love your fellowmen of all complexions and of all creeds, and to demand for them all the exact measure of justice you claim for yourselves.

The sad moan of four millions of slaves comes across the broad ocean, and it sounds painfully in our ears. I ask you to aid in turning their sorrow into joy—to aid in enabling the fathers and mothers of the colored race in America to clasp their little ones, and feel all the happiness and all the responsibility of being their guardians and their guides, from infancy up to manhood. Turn not a deaf ear to the cry of the slave, but let him feel, in future and for evermore, that in every Irishman he has a friend.

Whatever may be your rank or condition in the land of your adoption, believe me, countrymen, you can only acquire and maintain an honorable reputation there by such a course of conduct as I recommend; and whatever may be your practice, whether in consonance with or in opposition to these sentiments, I feel assured that you will say in your hearts, "he is right." I entreat you to act manfully in accordance with your convictions, and I beg to subscribe myself, Faithfully yours,

Dublin, 35 Eccles street. JAMES HAUGHTON.

CONVENTIONS IN WESTERN NEW YORK.—Anti-Slavery Conventions, to be addressed by PARKER PILLSBURY, AARON M. POWELL and SUSAN B. ANTHONY, will be held at BROCKPORT on TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, March 13th and 14th, at MEDINA on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, March 15th and 16th, afternoons and evenings, at 2 and 7 1-2 o'clock.

THE UNION ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING, for prayer and conference, will be held at the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans on Tuesday evening next. Friends of freedom, without distinction of sect or party, are invited to attend and take part in the exercises.

*Another source of this deceptive enumeration is the custom of reporting one slaveholder as two, three or more, when he owns slaves in different counties, or in different States.

THE SENATORIAL INQUISITION.

WE print on the first page the testimony lately given by GEORGE L. STEARNS, Esq., of Medford, Mass., before the Senate Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee. Mr. Stearns's intimate knowledge of the circumstances attending the struggle against Border Ruffianism in Kansas, and his personal relations to John Brown, made him a valuable witness for the cause of truth, though his testimony contained not a word to serve the purposes which Senator Mason had in view in instituting the inquiry into the Harper's Ferry affair. Neither John Brown, Jr., nor Sanborn, nor Redpath, has yet been brought before the Committee. Thaddeus Hyatt, Esq., of this city, went to Washington on Monday in the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, and will probably be brought to the bar of the Senate on Friday to answer for his refusal to testify. He will doubtless be heard by counsel, who will deny the Constitutional power of the Senate to make such an inquisition. The Committee want to get hold of Col. Forbes, but he, after his mendacious attempt to make "the humanitarians of New England" responsible for the acts of John Brown, considerately left the country, and probably will be in no haste to return.

Dr. John Doy, the brave man whose wonderful escape from a Missouri prison has made his name historic, learning that the Senatorial Committee were in pursuit of him, addressed the following letter to the Chairman.

HON. JAS. M. MASON—*Sir:* I have been informed of your desire that I should appear before the Investigating Committee of the Senate, to give evidence in regard to my personal connection with Capt. John Brown in Kansas and elsewhere.

I would state that I have no wish to resist any proper and lawful summons which you may send for this or for any other purpose. But you will permit me to remind you that the State of Missouri has offered a reward of $8,000 for my delivery to the sheriff of the St. Joseph jail, because of my good fortune, through the kindness of friends, in escaping from an unjust and inquisitorial imprisonment (which I endured for six months) for no other crime than that of assisting a party of alleged fugitive slaves.

Remembering, as I do, that you were the author of the Fugitive Slave law, and supposing, as well I may, that you would take a natural pleasure in punishing an alleged violator of it, I feel called upon frankly to say that, at present, I look upon an invitation to go to Washington as an invitation to walk into a trap. I shall feel in no willing mood to do myself the pleasure of making you a personal visit, until I have the assurance, either from yourself or from some other responsible authority under the Federal Government, that on crossing Mason and Dixon's line I shall not find myself in the hands of a kidnapping party of government officials, who are willing to sell their honor for a government bribe.

Except for this single consideration, I have no objection to appear before you, and to tell you all that I know, or (as you seem to prefer from your witnesses) all that I *don't* know. Respectfully yours, JOHN DOY.

THE PERSONAL LIBERTY BILL.

THE Personal Liberty bill has been made the special order for Wednesday next in the Assembly, when some of its friends may be expected to offer strong arguments for its passage. Its enemies, too, may have something to say; for there are men in the Legislature (some of them Republicans, we fear) who think the soil of New York should be open to the incursions of the man-hunters! Shame on such men, say we—men who set up a provision of the U. S. Constitution against the eternal law of God—a law of Congress as a sufficient justification for the most atrocious of crimes against humanity! We trust the bill will be passed by the Assembly as promptly as the exigencies of debate will allow, and that the Senate will not be able to allege the want of time as an excuse for smothering it. The majority of the people are in favor of the speedy enactment of this bill into a law; and if it fails to pass, it will be because certain Republican leaders fear its effects upon the party's prospects in the next Presidential election. The voters of the State should give these leaders to understand that the chief danger will be in failing to make the Empire State a safe asylum for the hunted fugitive from the Southern prison-house.

—We take this occasion to say that we have received from the Personal Liberty Committee at Albany a package of Mr. POWELL'S *valuable Report* on Slave-Hunting, and of Mr. MAXSON'S eloquent speech on Free Suffrage. Friends of the cause can obtain both by calling at our office.

We must also remind the friends of the bill that the Committee at Albany are in want of funds to pay for printing Mr. Powell's Report and such speeches and documents as are needed to enlighten and stimulate the public mind on this question. It is not a large sum that is needed, and it will be a shame if the committee are left to bear alone a burden which, distributed among the friends of the cause in different places, would be no burden at all. There are persons in this city who ought to make a small contribution to this object. Reader! consider whether *you* ought not at once to send a dollar to Lydia Mott, Treasurer of the Personal Liberty Committee, Albany.

KIDNAPPING IN PENNSYLVANIA.

"WHAT HAS THE NORTH TO DO WITH SLAVERY?"

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

ON the night of the second inst., a free colored man by the name of John Brown, residing in one of the tenant houses of J. Williams Thorne, Sadsbury Township, Lancaster Co., Pa., was kidnapped.

About ten o'clock on said night four men entered his house and demanded him under the pretext that he had robbed a store in the vicinity. They presented no warrant for his arrest. Two of them gave their names as Gilmer Hull and Frank Wilson, neighbors well known by him, and assured him that no harm should come to him, but that they would return him the following evening. Being thus deceived, and naturally of a quiet, easy disposition, he permitted himself to be taken by the ruffians to a carriage, a few rods distant, without making any resistance or giving the least alarm.

Had an immediate alarm been given, a rescue would have been certain, as his dwelling is within call of some two or three other colored families, and the least alarm would have called immediately an efficient aid to his assistance.

Pursuit was made as soon as the alarm was given, and they were followed to the Mount Vernon Hotel, where it was ascertained that a carriage had passed, driving at full speed. Here the pursuit was given up, and nothing, up to the present date, has been heard from them.

It is generally supposed that they will make a hasty flight to the Maryland line, and that he will be thrown into the Baltimore or Washington slave market. Telegraphic despatches have been sent to the aforesaid as well as to other places, and due investigation will be made.

The whole neighboring country is indignant at the outrage, and an intense feeling of excitement prevails.

John Brown is a man of upwards of thirty years of age, large size, and very dark, and is positively known to be a free man, having been raised near Downingtown, but has resided for many years in this vicinity.

Two arrests have been made, in the persons of Gilmer Hull and Frank Wilson, residing in the neighborhood, as aiding in the kidnapping. A hearing was had to-day before 'Squire Slocum, of Christiana, which resulted in the identification of the former by the wife of the victim. He was sent forthwith to Lancaster jail, in default of the required bail (six thousand dollars). Wilson was released. Constables Proudfoot and Wiggins deserve the thanks of the community for their promptness in making the arrests.

A more daring and infernal piece of piracy was never heard of; and the community is determined to sift the case to the very bottom, which doubtless will result in disclosures which will teach such pirates a useful lesson, that such crimes will not be tolerated in a Christian community.

March 4th, 1860.

THE BOOTH CASE.—A telegraphic despatch from Milwaukee states that Sherman M. Booth, who, it will be remembered, was released from prison some time ago by a decision of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin pronouncing the Fugitive Slave law unconstitutional and his imprisonment an infraction of State Sovereignty, was rearrested on the first day of the present month by the U. S. Marshal, in obedience to a process issued by the U. S. District Court. This is all we know of the matter at present, but we trust the Supreme Court of Wisconsin has not receded from its position. An effort will be made, we presume, to release the prisoner on *habeas corpus*, and if the execution of the writ is resisted by the United States, we trust the Executive of the State will see that her Sovereignty is vindicated.

"MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE."

IN the February number of this new and very ably conducted English Monthly, we find a correct sketch of John Brown's enterprise at Harper's Ferry, with a discriminating view of the character of that noble man, of his earlier labors in behalf of freedom, and of the probable influence of his character and his career in hastening the overthrow of slavery. Much depends upon the attitude taken by our British brethren in the approaching struggle with this monster, and we trust that one so intelligent and judicious as the writer of the above-named article (W. E. FORSTER) will observe and report its future developments. Never before has there been such need of the wisdom and the zeal of lovers of liberty abroad to coöperate with that small minority here who are striving to apply a radical remedy to this disease, and to make the present crisis the last. Never before was it so manifest that the attempt to combine liberty with slavery under one government is fütile and preposterous; that he who holds the slave's chain is himself restrained by that same chain; and that it is the extreme of folly to expect coöperation in favor of liberty from those with whom we combine in support of slavery.

Macmillan's Magazine has reached only its fourth number, but it has an aspect of mature vigor, and seems in no way inferior, either in light or solid reading, to the best of its class. Among its contributors are Tennyson, the author of "Tom Brown's School Days," the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," the Rev. F. D. Maurice, and others of the very ablest English writers. We enrich our fourth page with one of its articles, entitled "Macaulay as a Boy, described in two unpublished letters of Hannah More."

DOY'S NARRATIVE.

THE NARRATIVE OF JOHN DOY, of Lawrence, Kansas. "A Plain, Unvarnished Tale." New York: Sold at the Anti Slavery Office, 5 Beekman street.

Dr. John Doy, one of the Free-State pioneers of Kansas, who, with a party of fugitive slaves, was kidnapped Jan. 25th, 1859, by an armed band of Missourians, and hurried across the river into imprisonment, first in the jail at Platte City, whence they were, after awhile, removed to that at St. Joseph, whence he was rescued, without bloodshed, July 23d, by a company of the Kansas boys, and taken safely over the Missouri, has published this thrilling narrative of his experiences of slavery and its abettors in Kansas and Missouri. It is calculated to stir the blood of every honest man. Dr. Doy bears the highest reputation for integrity wherever he is known, and we have no doubt that his statements, startling as they certainly are, are worthy of implicit confidence. The narrative makes a pamphlet of 130 pages. The degrading and dehumanizing effects of slavery upon both whites and blacks are herein exhibited in their true colors. The story of Dr. Doy's deliverance from prison is told without reserve, and the feat was certainly one of the most skilful and daring in modern history.

The price of the narrative, in paper covers, is 25 cents; bound in cloth, with portraits of the men who rescued the author from prison, 50 cents.

NEW SERIES OF ANTI SLAVERY TRACTS.

WE announce with much pleasure the issue of three new and valuable Anti-Slavery Tracts. They consist of the freshest and most interesting matter, and we invite to them the attention of all our readers. As they are to be sold at the simple cost (or less), we hope that orders for them will be numerous. The series is to be continued, from time to time. The three already published are as follows:

No. 1. CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN LYDIA MARIA CHILD AND GOVERNOR WISE AND MRS. MASON, OF VIRGINIA. 28 pp.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCLXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent in a quandary—He bethinketh him-self of the new Holiday—And commendeth Gen. Washington—He relateth the efforts of Perham for the Union—And treateth of Auricular Entomology—He maketh a transition to the Webster Statue—He is complimentary to the last General Court—And giveth an account of the action of the Senate as to the Militia Bill—Also of a piece of Senatorial good luck—He trembleth at political potentialities—And telleth of the fall from a tree into the Council Chamber—His views of the Strike, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, March 5, 1860.

I DARE SAY a great deal has come to pass since I wrote to you last; but, for the life of me, I can't remember the particulars. I don't even recollect enough about the weather to make it help me out, as I sometimes do. So I must trust to luck for fishing up matter enough to make out the quantity you consider yourself entitled to extort from me. Let me see. I despatched the Subscription Festival and the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Meeting in my last. Has there been any public event or anniversary since then? O, yes, to be sure, there was Washington's Birth-day! When the Know-Nothings were supreme in this State they left as a monument of their shabby dynasty that anniversary erected into a holiday. Courts and banks are shut, and many shops. The lieges are made painfully aware of the arrival of the feast-day by uncounted explosions of the biggest kind of guns the Commonwealth has on hand, at a preternaturally and immorally early hour in the morning. The dose is repeated at noon and at sunset. But the system is better fortified to stand the shock at those hours. I do not object to another holiday, of course. We have not half enough of them, as it is. But I don't see the necessity of exploding so much villanous saltpetre in their service. In fact, it is owing to the fortunate circumstance that Washington's Birth-day comes in the middle of winter that we do not have as much of it as begrimes that horrible holiday, the Fourth of July. Discretion and sound judgment are among the qualities the most universally ascribed to the Father of his Country, and it strikes me that he never displayed these virtues more signally than in being born on the 22d of February. Suppose he had selected the 22d of June for his advent into this breathing world! Two Independence Days in one summer! The thought is too dreadful to be dwelt upon. Let us pass to another subject, if I can find one.

And here is one occurs to me out of hand. I mean the patriotic attempt of Mr. Josiah Perham to cement the Glorious Union of these States by means of a little soft solder applied through an Excursion Train. This magnificent individual condescended so far as to send an invitation to the Legislature of Virginia to come on and pay that of Massachusetts a visit, setting forth the healing properties of such a fraternal embrace towards the cure of the gaping wounds of the nation. The Conscript Fathers at Richmond took the proposition seriously, seeming to suppose that Perham was the incarnate impersonation of Massachusetts, and had the sense to decline his invitation, on the sensible ground that the relations of Virginia and Massachusetts were not such as to render an interchange of visits proper. In fact, Mrs Virginia gave Mrs. Massachusetts to understand that she was not upon her Visiting List. With this flea in one ear, the indefatigable Perham came to the Legislature of Massachusetts, and was not content till an insect of the same unmentionable species had been inserted in his other auricularity. It was a mercy that the application was made to this General Court instead of the last, for that would have gone down on its marrowbones and staid there until Virginia had relented and consented to be brought on and be stuffed in mind and body, at our expense. And there were not wanting persons, of that particular description that feed on *flapdoodle* (commonly called *fools*, but I am particular in my use of terms), who thought it would be a fine thing to invite the Virginians here, in order to show them how much better we would treat them than they would us! As if calling one bad names, pulling one's nose and spitting in one's face were especial reasons for inviting the assailant to dine and take a bed at one's house, in order to show him how much better treatment he would meet with! This Perham, I suppose you know, is a man that gets up Excursions and Gift Enterprises, I believe, into the bargain. You may remember he proposed getting up a party of pleasure to see John Brown hanged. The Maryland and Virginia authorities putting a veto upon this festive trip, he thought the next best thing was to get the assembled wisdom of Virginia and Maryland to come North. It was all one to him who went, or which way, so that there was a demand for excursion tickets. His impudence certainly entitled him to a bust of brass, at least, in the State-House yard, alongside his brother Defender of the Constitution.

And, talking of him, the Legislature have given the petitioners for the removal of that "hideous mass of iron" leave to withdraw. Not leave to withdraw the statue, but their petitions. Never mind, we'll try it again another year. It is not in the nature of things that such a monstrosity should insult the good people of the State forever. After the ineffable meanness of the last paltry Legislature in regard to that statue, there not being a serious remonstrance made against it, and the expenses of the inauguration being volunteered on their part, contrary to the original express understanding, this action of their successors seems not unnatural. It was not to be expected that a legislative body should grow in grace in a single twelvemonth to such a point as to undo this heavy burden which its predecessor had bound upon the shoulders of poor old Massachusetts. But the good time will come, in one way or another. I really don't know how the Personal Liberty bill stands here just now. I dare say you know better than I. But in one particular there have been symptoms of a saving change on the part of one of the two branches. You may remember that, just before the General Court adjourned last December, Governor Banks returned the whole body of the Revised States with a veto because the word "white" had been struck out of the Militia law. He had fortified himself by the opinions of the Supreme Judicial Court and of the Attorney-General as to the unconstitutionality of permitting our colored citizens to make as big fools of themselves as their white neighbors, if they were so inclined. The Legislature, of course, backed down and backed out. The only wonder was that they ever backed *in*. So the code of laws was saved harmless, and also the dignity of the Sims Brigade. But this year, the Senate, not having the fear of the Governor, nor yet of the Supreme Court, nor yet of the Attorney-General before their eyes, has passed an act striking out the word "white" from the Act, and that by much more than a two-thirds vote. How it will fare in the House, I have not the means of knowing, but we will hope for the best. You shall hear the particulars in my next letter.

And while speaking of the Senate, I must tell you of the extraordinary piece of luck by which one of its members got a seat at its board, who had only *two* votes at the popular election. By our Constitution, whenever there is a vacancy in the Senate, it is filled up by one of the two or three candidates who had the next highest number of votes. At the last election, a Mr. Fry was chosen by the people, being the Republican candidate. He was a pious man, according to contemporary accounts, and so conscientious as to swearing as to refuse to qualify by oath, insisting on the alternative of affirmation. It very soon evolved, however, that his scruples against taking the name of God in vain did not extend to the name of men. For, having, like all defeated Presidential candidates, unfortunately learned to write in his youth, he accidentally signed certain securities by names not given to him by godfather or inherited from his family. This unfortunate absence of mind occasioned his absence of body from the Senate, he having been advised to resign soon after taking his seat. The question then arose as to filling the vacancy thus occasioned. On looking at the returns, it was found that the Democratic candidate, who had several hundred votes, had removed from the district, and so was not eligible. The others had one 5 and two 2 each. The election fell on a Mr. Rice, who had two votes, and he is now a Conscript Father for Worcester. I wonder whether any one ever entered a legislative body with so small a basis of votes. It is terrible to think of! Why, any of us, at this rate, may find ourselves elevated to we know not what giddy heights. Why, I myself have had more votes than that for Governor! Mr. Rice's luck was even better than that of the person I once told you of, who fell out of an apple tree into the Council Chamber. He was an honest poor man who broke his leg by falling as above. His neighbors, out of pity, sent him, the next winter, to the House of Representatives. The year after, when the caucus of the party in power were looking out for Councillors, who were then chosen by the Legislature, they could not agree on the one for that district. Turning to the list of members for the year before for a name, they chanced upon his, and forthwith made him the adviser and consenter of the Excellency of that day, greatly to his astonishment and that of his neighbors. So you see there's no knowing what may happen to any of us.

The Shoemakers' Strike, too, has taken place since my last. I have no doubt that it will have the effect of advancing wages to a fair rate; but it will be by reducing the number of operatives to the proportion actually required by the business. As this has been one of the best paying branches of manufacture for a long time, it has become overcrowded, and consequently overdone. The same result would have come about without the strike, and with less suffering to the operatives. These relations depend, like all others, on the laws of demand and supply. The supply has now outgrown the demand, and prices of goods and labor are down. The diminution of the supply, which the strike promotes—but at the cost rather of the workmen than of the masters—will bring the prices of both up again in due time, and all will go on again as before. The laws of political economy are as inevitable and unchangeable as those of gravitation. And so are the laws of Economical Politics—or Politics considered in their potentiality for profit—as was shown by the efforts of *The Post* and other slaveholding organs (I beg Senator Seward's pardon—I mean *capital* organs) to show that the distress of the shoemakers came of the objections entertained in certain quarters to slavery! I don't know whether the shoemakers are such fools as these editors take them for, but the slaveholders certainly are not. They have never yet been found willing to pay more than market prices for what they want—even for negroes.

D. Y.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 5, 1860.

MR. SEWARD'S great speech, and the debate which followed it, in the Senate last week, overtop all other events which have occurred in Washington during the week—I might almost say the month. The curiosity of the politicians, and indeed the entire country, was on tiptoe for Mr. Seward's reply to the terrible charges which have been made against him in twenty States of this Union for the last three months. He came to Washington when the ferocious, yet cowardly, panic against him was at its height, and when he was avoided by the Southern members as if he were an avenging angel come to punish them for their crimes against their fellow-men. But from his manner, in public and private, no one could have discovered the slightest consciousness of the state of feeling in Washington and at the South. He was always in his seat in the Senate, and transacted his business there with the same coolness which always distinguishes him, nor did he apparently notice the attempt to cut him on the part of the Southern nullifiers. He awaited his time—allowed the panic to subside—and at last came before the public, not to make a single apology, but to re-state his old position. His speech was a great one, more perhaps from its surroundings than intrinsically. Its effect will be prodigious over the free States, if one may judge by its effect upon doubting persons here. The Seward fever has succeeded the Bates fever, and, unless it has too long time to run between this and the Chicago Convention, may carry the New York Senator into the Presidential chair.

Mr. Douglas's speech was a villanous one, just like those he used to deliver in 1854 and 1856. It showed great courage in the man, villain that he is, to attack Mr. Seward in such an insolent and bull-dog style, for he knew that Mr. Seward had but to open his mouth and ruin him, if he had seen fit; for when Mr. Douglas meditated a plunge into the arms of Republicanism, two years ago, he took Mr. Seward into his confidence. It was the courage and recklessness, I admit, of the burglar and highway robber, but it showed that Mr. Douglas has nerves of brass. Any ordinary man—yes, *any man*—would have broken down in an attempt, under such circumstances, to bully Mr. Seward. The fact that he did not proves him to be not man, but devil. His whole Territorial policy I can cut from his speech in a little paragraph. Here it is:

"I am in favor of each State and each Territory of this Union taking care of its own negroes, free or slave. If they want slavery, let them have it; if they desire to prohibit slavery, let them do it; it is their business, not mine. We in Illinois tried slavery while we were a Territory, and found it was not profitable; and hence we turned philanthropists and abolished it, just as our British friends across the ocean did. They established slavery in all their colonies; and when they found they could not make any more money out of it, abolished it. I hold that the question of slavery is one of political economy, governed by the laws of climate, soil, productions and self-interest, and not by mere statutory provision. I repudiate the doctrine that because free institutions may be best in one climate, they are, necessarily, the best everywhere; or that because slavery may be indispensable in one locality, therefore it is desirable everywhere."

Here you have his horrible creed. Murder itself he would allow the people of the Territories to foster and protect, and he, as a statesman, has nothing to say in condemnation! This is pure Douglasism—or Devilism, whichever you please to nickname it. The *thing* is the same—to ignore entirely morality and religion.

The same day Mr. Edgerton of Ohio delivered an admirable speech on the slavery question, in the House. He is the man who went to see John Brown at Charlestown, and was marched out of the State *instanter*. He has not forgotten this specimen of Virginia manners. In discussing the character of slavery, he stirred up the bile of the slaveholders by quoting from one of their own leaders a definition of slavery. I will quote it. Said Mr. Edgerton:

"I hold in my hand a pamphlet, which some gentleman has kindly sent me from Mississippi. It appears to be a report made to the Southern Commercial Convention, held at Vicksburg, May 10, 1859. The object of this Convention appears to have been to look after the much talked of Southern rights in general, and the opening of the African slave trade in particular. From this Southern pen we have a more enlarged definition of slavery.

"Mr. BRANCH—Will the gentleman allow me to set him right on a question of fact?

"Mr. EDGERTON—Yes, sir.

"Mr. BRANCH—I understand the gentleman from Ohio to say that the object of that Southern Commercial Convention was to look after the opening of the slave trade. Perhaps the gentleman is not aware of the fact that, when that subject was introduced into the Convention, it was voted down by an overwhelming majority of the Convention, and that the object of those Conventions has no connection whatever with the African slave trade, but is to promote and encourage Southern commerce. Let me state the additional fact, that the introduction of this subject into that Southern Commercial Convention has destroyed and broken up the whole system of Conventions that had lasted for years.

"Mr. EDGERTON—I read from the pamphlet:

"'5. The value of the association is the laborer himself, and not, as in free labor, the private contract or labor obligation. In the free system, the labor obligation is the property; but in the slave system, the laborer himself is property. The man himself is a negotiable chattel; his soul is ignored; he is a brute; he can be sheared like a sheep, branded like a mule, yoked like an ox, hobbled like a horse, marked like a hog and maimed like a cur; he can be butchered like a beef, skinned like a buck or scalded like a shoat; he can be hurled into a fishpond to fatten and flavor lampreys, or smeared with tar and set on fire to light ungodly dances.

"'6. The continuance of the association is systematic. This is slavery's eminent advantage over free labor. The hireling's association is a variable one, whose functions are climates, soils, idiosyncrasies, race, education, morality and religion. The free laborer thus works when he pleases, as long as he pleases, for whom he pleases and for what he pleases. But the slave works not as he pleases, but as his master pleases. The slaves thus are economically so continuous, adaptable and regular that strikes and idleness are virtually eliminated. Indeed, slavery is nothing more than labor obeying unchecked, unregulated and irresponsible capital.'"

The reading of this extract aroused the slaveholders, as I have said, to excited replies. One member tried to excuse the paragraph by saying that its author was arguing not for absolute slavery, but for a kind of "warrantism." No matter if he was. It was sufficient for Mr. Edgerton to reply that if slavery be not theoretically described as above, *it is practically*, There may be laws on the statute-book against certain extreme outrages upon the person of the slave, but how can the slave, deprived of the use of his tongue in all the Courts, make any complaint?

The House has at last got rid of the vexed question of the Printership. This miserable quarrel over the printing spoils came very near ruining the party, for it evinced a love of plunder among some of the members which, if it prevailed extensively in any party professedly founded upon moral principle, would ensure its overthrow. There are a great many corrupt men in the Republican ranks, and it would be strange if some of them did not get into Congress. It is very easy to see that some of the men who come here from anti-slavery districts simply trade in anti slavery. They aim to satisfy their honest constituents, while at heart they are corrupt and care nothing for the momentous issue between Freedom and Slavery. These men scent "spoils" from afar, and are in council with lobby agents and black-mail scribblers. I have been astonished to see men who stand high before the country, even as anti-slavery men, surrounded by corrupt lobby agents and trading politicians. If this element of weakness were eliminated from the Republican party, down would go with it that moral cowardice which shrinks from nominating a representative man for a standard-bearer. To succeed in a *decent* party a man, must be honest. Thieves and plunder-mongers may thrive inside the Democratic camp, but they cannot do so long among the Republicans, unless they drag the whole party down to their own level.

I have always admired John Sherman for one thing, if for no other, and that is his incorruptible honesty. His intimates are not of the lobby, his friendships are not for venal scribblers. To all this some of our politicians reply —"If you have a party at all, you must have corruption in it. The masses may be sincere, but there will be even among leaders bad men." This may possibly be so, but I cannot quite accept it as true at the present time. As I am a sincere Republican I wish the Republican party to show by its morals that it is founded on a principle, and not, by corruption and spoils-hunting, furnish to the editors of THE STANDARD and *The Liberator* arguments against it as sincere opponents of slavery. AVON.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU.....XXV.

FEBRUARY 13, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: In my last letter I referred to the discussion in the House of Lords of our cotton-supply, and of slavery in connection with it. The remarks of several peers on the disguised slave trade carried on by the French government were very strong—much stronger than comments on conduct usually are among the dignified gentlemen who compose that House. The reply of the government was that Lords Grey and Brougham had not spoken at all too strongly in condemnation of the *dépôts d'industrie* (slave-barracoons in fact) on the west coast of Africa, from which negroes were shipped, certainly without any option, to the French colonies. The only consolation was that the Emperor had promised to abolish the practice as soon as the contract with the Marseilles firm had expired. A few days after this discussion, a letter from French Guiana was published in the newspapers, by which we obtain a glimpse of the African freemen so favored with remunerative employment, when they have reached their destination. According to this correspondent, who relates the public occurrences in the colony as they arise, two negro immigrants had been shot by a negro proprietor of an estate. These immigrants had, like many others, refused to accept their fate in their new country. They had been transported by force; and they found that the situation of the immigrants was that of slavery. They declined being made slaves of, and took to the woods. A sufficient number do this to have constituted a named class; and they are called Maroons, a name which seems to carry us back to the days of West India slavery, as our fathers knew it. These two wanderers had helped themselves to some bananas, or a few roots; and the proprietor shot them dead. He seems to be of the order of his countrymen who beat their donkeys, in imitation of the masters who beat *them;* of the order of the Mitchels too, who are vigorous in their slaveholding in proportion to their vocation to clamor for freedom. The rich negro shot the two poor negroes. He and his neighbors regard this as a mere anticipation of the good time coming when every man who chooses may throw off the constraint of pretending that his negroes are not slaves, and may hold them as chattel property. The immigration system, as practised by the French, is regarded throughout their colonies as a transition stage leading to the full re-establishment of slavery, and the planters intimate their gratitude to the Emperor, who is thus undoing the work of his democratic predecessors in the French government, by celebrating the anniversary of the *coup d'état*. The 2d of December is the birthday of the Emperor of Brazil—a personage of no more consequence to the French in Guiana than Prester John; and they pretend to drink his health when their real thanksgiving is for the usurpation at home, which will, according to their expectation, re-establish negro slavery; so we are told from the spot. It is fully understood in Europe, and the understanding was very obvious in the Lords' discussion, that it is only by the fault of the American government that any European power can carry on the slave trade at all. Spain would have ended her unconcealed, and France would never have begun her disguised, slave trade if your countrymen had stood by us in fulfilling the obligations of treaties. We hear now of some real desire at last to act efficiently on the African coast; but meantime irreparable mischief has been done; and what security have we for the future? You will excuse us for not being able to understand your Northern citizens while they do not put forth their indubitable strength to preserve the national honor and good faith in regard to the slave trade. There is another view, however, in which this news from French Guiana is interesting.

The main hope of ending the present kidnapping on the African coast is in the Emperor's willingness to adopt a scheme of coolie immigration. Some of us see no reason to suppose that the coolies will be freemen, any more than the negroes; but the government declares that this will be looked to by the British authorities in the formation of the arrangement. Now, you do not need to be told that most of your friends here disapprove of this coolie immigration, except in the few cases where the coolies have not very far to go, can take their wives with them, and know what they are about in making their bargain. Moreover, we doubt the real deficiency of labor in several of our colonies, and especially in Jamaica, from which we hear the loudest complaints. But it does appear that in some few of our colonies, and in the French, it is a necessity to obtain more labor.

At the time when these things are discussed we hear of some embarrassment caused by the number of fugitive negroes who reach Canada from the slave States of your Union. There they are, dependent, of course, solely upon their own industry, suffering from the cold climate, and far too numerous to be absorbed at once by the local demand for labor. The idea has occurred to many of their friends, as you, no doubt, know very well, whether these laborers could not be carried to a labor-market where they are really wanted, where the climate would suit them, and where prosperity is absolutely at the command of every diligent working-man. British Guiana would probably answer the purposes of all parties best. The old race of planters has nearly passed away; the modern proprietors have, for the most part, never seen slavery; and they are less prejudiced than their fathers, they are more open to plans of improvement, and they have learned the value of the laborer. If, in making the agreements on behalf of any American negroes who went there, security could be found for the regular ready-money payment of wages, it seems as if the men might be as well placed there as anywhere. We appreciate, I hope, the steady patriotism with which your free negro fellow-citizens refuse to be tempted or driven from their country; but the case of the fugitive slave is, I need not say, entirely different in our eyes. They have their settlement and their citizenship to make; and the institutions of your country compel them at present to make their settlement on British territory. The question is simply between Canada, where hardship and suffering await them, and the West Indies, where prosperity will be in their own power, and where the climate will suit them. They could easily repay the cost of their removal, in a short time; and of course they would be perfectly free to come and go, if they had the means. Unlike the coolies, they would live among natives of their own race; they would hear a familiar language, and live under laws, customs and religion like those they have heard of at home, except in these institutions having no respect of persons. If disposed to work, and in any degree worthy of their new freedom, they would be very welcome. Whenever slavery is abolished in the States, I hope there will be no more talk of the negroes going away. There is every reason why they should stay where they are, on the footing of freemen; but in the interval, when thousands are every year wanting a home and abiding-place, it might be a vast boon to them to open a broad path for them into the free soil of the British West Indies.

It is not often that the destinies of foreign nations, and of almost a whole continent, depend on the Budget of any country; but thus it is with our Budget of this year; and Mr. Gladstone's speech of Friday last was telegraphed to all points of the compass with the zeal and gravity which belong to great occasions. By the Budget the Cabinet must stand or fall, because our relations with the French are implicated in it; and if our Ministry went out, the cause of Italy—which is the cause of popular freedom everywhere—would lose its main and essential support. No pains were spared to excite prejudice against the whole scheme of Ministers, and especially to alarm the nation with the notion of subservience to France, or of being cheated by the French government. Rumors of a Ministerial crisis were busily circulated in whispers, in hope of bringing it about. Further time for such tricks was afforded by Mr. Gladstone's illness, which delayed his great exposition. We shall not know the fate of his scheme till after next week's debate upon it; but at present it appears incredible that it can be in any danger. Italy and Hungary may, we believe, rejoice in the stability of a Ministry which is a true and hearty friend to their liberties; and every new bond of mutual interest and honor between the peoples of England and France is a fresh security against the pranks of despots. I need not describe the memorable speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It will be read by your citizens almost as eagerly, I hope, as by ours; and they will estimate its honesty of purpose, its breadth of view, and its soundness of principle, as well as its admirable qualities as a speech. The working-classes of England and France, and the friends of liberty and law everywhere, will bless the day and hour which produced it.

You will observe that the covenants between the English and French are entirely independent of the *personnel* of the government of the latter. It may come across our minds, as a matter of curiosity, to consider where the Emperor will be, or how matters will stand with him, ten years hence; but the terms of the treaty are not much affected by such uncertainties. Long before that time, the French will have learned enough of the value of the new arrangements to stand by them through any changes of ruler or dynasty. On both sides, the advantages of industrial exchange must be so great as to render war between the two neighbors all but impossible. Insolent French colonels, already detested by French merchants, will henceforth be silenced by them, or restrained altogether from kindling war. I speak as if the Ministerial scheme were secure, whereas it has yet to go through the ordeal of parliamentary debate; but our throwing away anything so great and so good seems impossible; and so, I trust, it will prove.

Meantime, the universal troubler has given Europe another heart-ache. You see, by our newspapers, how all men capable of a love of country are grieving for Savoy. For no better reason than flattering the national vanity of the French, in order to sustain his own influence, and perhaps obtaining a better hold over Italy, by means of a new frontier, the Emperor demands Savoy, and evidently means to have it. His newspapers issue impudent falsehoods about the desire of Savoy for annexation to France; thus (as often before) treating the European public as idiots; whereas the Savoyards are broken hearted at the prospect; and doubtless their King is scarcely less wretched at the prospect of being compelled to deliver up his hereditary dominions, the very origin and heart of his kingdom. It is no comfort to be aware, as all sensible men are, that an acquisition so obtained will be a curse to France. The only hope is in the disproportion between the proposed gratification and the odium that it will bring on the French name generally and the Emperor's in particular. It is a serious thing to forfeit the enthusiasm of the world, and the gratitude of Italy for his support of her cause. It is a serious thing to show men that the Milan proclamation and other magnanimous declarations of disinterestedness were empty words. We are hoping that he may consider this in time.

While interested in these pregnant and prophetic changes, we cannot but wish that the New World would take lessons from the experience of the Old. By a free trade policy you might have made slavery impossible long ago; yet it is the North which holds to Protection. You see how acquisitions of territory for selfish purposes, and without justification of necessity, are universally regarded as a disgrace, and not as "glory" (as the French have it). Your best citizens agree with the best citizens of other countries in this; and the question with us is whether they could not guide the policy of their country accordingly. With free labor, free trade, and territorial content, you might have the good will of the whole world, and plenty of "glory" to boot. Will you yet allow your national policy to sink into one of despotism, and your national repute to follow its decline? Your present crisis will show the world what to expect from you. H. M.

THE DAY OF EXECUTION.—Friday next, 16th inst., is the day appointed for the execution, at Charlestown, Va., of Stevens and Hazlitt. We have heard nothing yet from the efforts of Mr. Sennott at Richmond to procure a commutation of the sentence; but the following paragraph from the Norwich (Ct.) *Aurora* of the 3d inst. leads us to believe that his labors will be fruitless. There is no flesh in the obdurate heart of Virginia. She will go to the utmost extent of her power in taking the lives of those who abhor slavery.

"At the request of the friends of Aaron Dwight Stevens, our townsman, Col. John T. Wait, visited Richmond, Va., to endeavor, if possible, to have the executive authority of the State change the punishment of Stevens from death to imprisonment for life. The mission, we understand, was a fruitless one—the evidence, as it is there claimed, tending to show that Stevens was one of the most guilty parties in that atrocious foray. Col. Wait bears strong testimony to the courteous attention that he received from Gov. Letcher, and his willingness to hear anything that could be said in behalf of the criminal."

SEWARD'S SPEECH.—We are compelled to defer till next week the comments which this speech appears to require at our hands. Our readers, however, do not need any help from us to weigh or interpret the utterances of Mr. Seward, and they are not likely to defer their conclusions to hear anybody's opinion.

THE PERSONAL LIBERTY COMMITTEE acknowledge the receipt of ten dollars from John Jay, and nine dollars from friends in Albany. LYDIA MOTT, Treasurer.

Albany, March 5, 1860.

Summary.

The * correspondent of *The Boston Atlas* writes from Washington that Senator Douglas is reported to have said that he did not believe he had any chance of receiving the nomination at Charleston, and adds: "In that opinion many prominent politicians here concur most fully."

The man whose wife caught a package of $250 in money from him and threw it out of the railroad car window, thinking it was a paper of tobacco which he intended to take out, was a lawyer of Boston, and did not find his money again. Rather expensive—that "playful" toss.

In the Maryland Senate, recently, Dr. Lynch, of Baltimore County, offered an order appropriating $500 to the Colonization Society, to send Henry Winter Davis to Liberia. He prefaced the order with a few remarks, to the effect that Mr. Davis's loss would not be felt, and that he might find a wide field of labor, immortalize his name, and live honored and respected in the colony.

A NOBLE SENTIMENT.—Daniel Webster penned the sentiment: "If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and our fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something that will brighten all eternity."

A PRO-SLAVERY AMERICAN MINISTER IN ENGLAND.—Mr. Ebenezer Burr, of 17 Wilton-terrace, New North-road, London in a letter to the London *Morning Advertiser*, says: "I find that another Rev. Gentleman, Dr. McLean, of Pennsylvania, an avowed defender of slaveholding Christianity, is again over here, and, by adopting the silent policy, is gaining access to some of our metropolitan pulpits."

A GALLANT CREW.—A company of ten men, says the Leavenworth (Kansas) *Register* of the 23d ult., arrived in town this morning from the Lake Superior country. They started about the first of January and travelled to Chicago (a distance of 200 miles) on foot, landing their effects with sleds drawn by dogs. They then procured horse teams and came here over land, bringing along several of their faithful and useful companions, the dogs. The men are all large, healthy and robust in appearance, and show that they will carry through any undertaking. They are on their way to Pike's Peak.

FREEDOM FOR SLAVES.—In the Canton of Vaud, Switzerland, a society has lately been organized having for its object the collection of money to be applied in purchasing and freeing slaves held in this country. The sum of $409 was received a short time since by a Swiss clergyman, acting for the society at Higland, Madison Co., Illinois, and appropriated in purchasing a colored Methodist minister of St. Louis. The liberated minister will depart for Liberia, where it is his intention to labor in establishing schools for the enlightenment of his race.

WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?—WHERE ARE THEY GOING TO?—The Macon *Telegraph* of February 25th says: "Between sixty and seventy negroes, bought in South-Eastern Georgia, passed through here on Tuesday on their way to New Orleans. The person who purchased them on speculation gave us his name, but it has escaped our memory. A majority of them spoke a sort of mongrel French, much to the astonishment of several, who supposed them genuine natives of lower Guinea, and recently landed by slave ships on the sea coast."

At present the main stay of Speaker Pennington is the page who stands upon the right, a youth of fine appearance, and something near 19 years of age. This page was first appointed to office by Speaker Boyd, and has ever since continued to discharge the duties of "page to the Speaker," among which is now reckoned the duty of prompting the Speaker in discharging his business. He stands near the Speaker, and directs him in an undertone how to put every motion, and how to decide points of order as they arise. "Thaddeus" is known to all the politicians of the country as the most remarkable parliamentarian of his age living. With the construction of the rules of order he is perfectly familiar, and every precedent he has at his fingers' ends.

THE "OCTOROON" IN PHILADELPHIA.—The chivalrous medical students of the Quaker City have reconsidered their strongly united determination to prevent the performance of this drama, and it has now been acted at the Arch street Theatre for two weeks to crowded houses. The excitement fully parallels the enthusiasm that was excited here by the same play, and the best seats are all taken a week in advance. The touchy students from the South attend the representation, but make no hostile demonstrations. Probably their Station-House experience on the occasion of the Union meeting has somewhat tamed their rowdyism. At any rate, the "Octoroon" flourishes; the treasury is filled, and great is the rejoicings of the managers thereat.—*Tribune.*

ON THE WRONG TRACK.—A deputy United States Marshal was prowling around after a poor woman, this week, said to be claimed by a man in Leavenworth. The Marshal professed to be acting under the provisions of that wicked enactment, the Fugitive Slave bill. We would respectfully inform him that he has missed his figure altogether. That barbarous bill applies only to persons escaping from one State or Territory into another, and not at all to the case in hand. The Marshal, in entering into a private residence as he did, was guilty of a felony, and is himself liable to a criminal prosecution. The Fugitive Slave bill offers no relief whatever to those who claim to be slave-owners in Kansas, unless their assumed chattels escape to some other State or Territory.

Hunting men and women is a very mean business, anyhow. But when those who attempt to execute it transcend their powers and become law-breakers themselves, they deserve to be treated as criminals. These gentlemen who are so anxious to return poor and defenceless women to slavery, had better wait till Senator Brown's slave code passes.—*Lawrence (Kansas) Republican.*

TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF "CHATTELS" DESTROYED.—Yesterday, says the Nashville (Tenn.) *Union* of February 26th, an Italian pedler of plaster ornaments, whose name we could not learn, killed a negro boy named General Houston, belonging to Mr. Samuel Watkins, of this city, by shooting him with a pistol. The ball took effect in the lower part of the left lung, and caused the death of the boy instantly. The boy was about twelve years old. We could not learn the provocation, though it is supposed to have been trivial. The murderer was arrested and committed to jail for trial before a committing court on Monday.

Andrew, a slave of Mr. A. C. White, of Edgefield, killed another slave, yesterday, named Jim, the property of Mrs. Carter, who lives on Harpeth. They got into a difficulty, when the former threw a brick-bat at the latter, striking him on the right temple and killing him instantly. The murderer was arrested and committed to jail.

The Christian Banner, a Hard-Shell Baptist oracle, published at Fredericksburg, Va., thus comments on the vote of Henry Winter Davis to make Mr. Pennington Speaker:

"There is no peaceful locality for a traitor. Execrated by heaven, scorned by earth, hissed by hell's deepest damned, with legions of loathing vipers forever gnawing at the fountain of vitality, he is sent adrift through immeasurable space, continually lashed with a thousand scorpion thongs, while his awful wailings rend the air, 'My punishment is greater than I can bear.'"

—If the gentlemen who manage the Religious Press should at any time be promoted for good conduct to the control of the Political journals, we apprehend that there would speedily accrue an enormous increase in the number of libel-suits and a serious advance in the price of rawhides.—*Tribune.*

THE COST OF JOHN BROWN'S RAID.—The Commissioners appointed to audit and settle the expenses of the John Brown raid have reported to the Virginia House of Delegates the following items:

For pay of company officers and soldiers	$81,140 07
Expense of Commissary Department	13 794 62
Expense of Quartermaster's Department	17 782 84
For arms and ordnance stores	20 995 99
Damage to property	2,535 70
Scout service, and miscellaneous	622 25
Medical Department	308 88
Claims audited and reported to the General Assembly	31,103 37
Amount expended by the Executive and paid out of civil contingent fund	17,383 66
Total amount audited and reported	$185 667 03

It is supposed that another appropriation of $75,000 in addition to the $150 000 already appropriated will be required. The following amounts were appropriated to railroads for transportation, viz: Alexandria and Washington, $102; Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac, $5 616; Richmond and Petersburg, $297; Baltimore and Ohio, $18,373 72.

From a reliable source, says the Memphis *Avalanche* of the 23d ult., we have learned the particulars of the tragedy enacted in Ashley County, Arkansas, which has created a great excitement in that locality. Jasper Murray, overseer of Samuel M. Carter, of Georgia, who has recently settled a plantation in Arkansas, was killed by the negroes on the place a few days since. Inquiries instituted developed the fact that the crime was committed at the instigation of an Abolitionist named Sneed, who promised the negroes that if they would kill the overseer and get his money, he would carry them to a free State. Five of the negroes and the white man were arrested, and are in jail at Hamburg, Ashley County. As before stated, the most intense excitement prevails in the neighborhood, and it would not be surprising if Sneed met his deserts in a most summary manner.

[That Sneed is an Abolitionist we do not believe. It suits the slaveholders to brand with that name any man whom they may choose to suspect of interfering with slavery.—*Ed. Stand.*]

"LIFE-PRESERVERS."—It is well known that the lives of Northern people travelling South on business, or for health or pleasure, are not entirely safe, especially since the "*John Brown Foray.*"

In view, therefore, of the dangers incident to a journey through the home of the "*peculiar institution*," one of the wealthy citizens of the capital of the free State of Ohio, being called to New Orleans on private business, resorted to the very thoughtful precaution of supplying his travelling trunk with a goodly number of *The New York Observer*. The efficacy of this ingenious precaution is not yet fully tested, the traveller not having returned. His safe return is, however, looked for with confidence; for these "*life-preservers*" are regarded as more effectual protection against loss of human life in passing over the billows of Southern fanaticism than the solemn guarantee of the soundest insurance company of the country.—*Independent.*

A JOHN BROWN EPISODE.—An episode of the John Brown invasion has just come to light in Wisconsin. Senator Doolittle, being a member of the Senate Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee, was surprised to find a letter to John Brown from A. Hyatt Smith, a prominent Democrat of Wisconsin. Mr. Doolittle, knowing Mr. Smith's writing, pronounced the note a forgery, which, on being sent to Wisconsin, it proved to be. It professed to be addressed to Capt. John Brown as follows:

JANESVILLE CITY, Nov. 25, 1859.

DEAR CAPTAIN: I am personally unknown to you, but I write to tell you to *keep up good courage;* don't despair of deliverance.

Five hundred good men and true are now leaving for Charlestown from this State, *bound to rescue you* from the hands of the hound-like Wise; they leave in small squads to avoid any suspicion, but will be on hand in time, with the Ohio thousand. We will be enough for them, I think. Keep up your spirits and rely on your friends.

Yours in the good cause, A. HYATT SMITH.

Mr. Smith offers a hundred dollars reward for the detection of the perpetrator of the above forgery. It was on the strength of such notes as this that Gov. Wise made all his military parade, and spent $100,000 as foolishly as ever money went. It appears, moreover, that Mr. Smith, being a Democrat, has not been paraded before the public as a conspirator and murderer, as every Republican who ever spoke to, or of, John Brown has.

FINALE OF THE IOWA SLAVE CASE.—We last week stated that the Curtis case had been finally settled by the County Judge, requiring a new bond of Curtis for the support, education, etc., of the two negro girls, under the supposition that the bond would of course be signed. In appears, however, that the bond contained a clause manumitting the children, which Curtis refused to sign. Why this refusal, our readers may judge for themselves. A new hearing was had last Monday, and the question of the custody of the children was settled—for the present—by Curtis, in consideration of sundry covenants, and—we quote from the article on file in the Recorder's office—"the love, regard and affection entertained" by him, adopting said children, "bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh" (this is *not* taken from the Recorder's office), and "conferring upon the children all the rights, privileges and responsibilities that would pertain to the said children, if born to the said John L. and Nancy R. Curtis in lawful wedlock." So, these negroes are no longer Mary Old and Versa Old, but Mary and Versa Curtis. This may not be the finale of this affair. If Curtis shall elect to disinherit these children, which can be done in about eleven minutes, that may be the finale, at least so far as the jurisdiction of this county is concerned.—*Iowa City Republican.*

SALE OF NEGROES IN ALABAMA.—The Selma *Sentinel* gives the following prices of a lot of negroes recently sold in that city:

Man, carpenter, 29 years old	$2,050
Man, unsound, 50 years old	610
Boy, unsound, 11 years old	900
Girl, 11 years old	1,600
Boy, 13 years old	1,165
Girl, 18 years old	1 380
Girl, 16 years old	1 626
Girl, 13 years old	3 205
Woman and child, 27 years old	1 670
Woman and two children, 36 years old	1 670
Man, blacksmith, 24 years old	2 245
Boy, 17 years old	1 570
Girl, 19 years old	1,600

H

Miscellaneous Department.

[The following verses, which we copy from *The Liberator*, understood to be written by our esteemed coadjutor, Mr. RICHMOND of New Bedford, seem to us to possess more than ordinary excellence in rightly dividing the word of truth.—*Editor A. S. Standard.*]

THE SAXON HEART.

The Saxon heart bears not control;
Likely stately streams upon their course,
The tide swells on within the soul,
O'erpowering every adverse force.

The, brave, good heart, that takes its stand,
Resisting wrong, abhorring shame,
Born like a prince to take command,
Regardless still of praise or blame.

The matchless heart in bold emprise,
The conquering heart, the heart so strong,
The heart of heroes, brave or wise,
The heart that always rights the wrong.

The race that erst in forest drear
The deadly arrow swiftly sped,
Hath dropt the winged shaft and spear,
And wields the winged thought instead.

The race that once went bravely forth,
To beard the wild bear in his den,
Now meets the tyrant in his wrath,
And boldly claims the rights of men.

As in those Saxon wilds of old,
The bowstring echoed far and wide,
The words of truth ring out like gold,
The same old spirit sanctified.

New Bedford. D. R.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. XXX.

THE kind attentions of Madge and Helen wrought most favorably on the sufferer. They had the satisfaction of soon seeing her in a soft, sweet sleep.

"Come, now," said Helen, gently, as they watched the quiet, undisturbed breathing of the sleeper, "come, now, Madge; she sleeps well; let us go to our rooms; we will leave the lamp lighted and the little bell on the table, close by her bed, so that she can call for anything she wants."

"Somehow, Helen, I don't feel willing to leave her; besides, I am not sleepy, but I insist upon your going to bed. Leave me here awhile longer."

"Madge," repeated Helen, in a half rebuking tone, "do you think it is right to act thus? Do you know that you are trifling with your health—with your life, *perhaps?* After this intensely exciting day, I think you need rest and calm. Why should you risk yourself longer in this room? Now, I never dissuade you from anything where I think there is a shadow of duty, but I can't think it wise now to neglect warning you."

"Don't say any more, Helen; I shan't sit up long; but do leave me a few minutes here; be sure I'll not forget your warning."

With very evident reluctance, Helen left the room, and Madge seated herself in a chair near the bed. But she was of too restless a temperament to remain long in this quiet sort of way. Going to the window and throwing back the curtain, she looked up and afar at the still and peaceful stars.

"Strange! is it not?" she thought, "that *we* cannot be quiet, orderly and peaceful as those old pale planets. I see the stars move on in their old, accustomed and well-directed course; the flowers are true to their annual comings; everything obeys Law, and is in harmony, except man. Why is this? Ah, me! I am half tired of life. 'Tis hard to feel thus when things might be different. I can't understand why all this pain and trouble should be in the world. The sight I witnessed to-day can never be wiped out of my memory; and here, by the bed-side of this poor sufferer, and with the still stars shining down on me and the cool night-breeze that blows from heaven, fresh upon my brow, I call God to hear my vow, that I never will, by any voluntary act of my own, contribute to the perpetuation of slavery."

"*Amen*" was uttered in a hollow, sepulchral tone, close to her.

She started, half in surprise, half in fright, and saw Rachel sitting upright in the bed.

"What, are you awake? Do you feel better? Has your sleep refreshed you?" and Madge hastily closed the window.

"Yes, I am better, Miss Vertner; that is, these flesh wounds do not pain me so much; but the wounds made on my spirit are not healed, though your gentle attention and kindness have not been without effect."

Rachel passed her hand hastily over her eyes, then drew off very slowly some of the oiled cloths from her wounded arms and back. Shaking her head and smiling scornfully, she muttered,

"Oil and cotton may heal the flesh, but who, who is to pluck the poison from the soul? Let me see" (turning toward Madge and taking the little lamp from the table, she held it close to the young girl's face)—"let me see, Miss Vertner, who you look like. Ah, yes, I see it: slightly, very slightly, like your father; the resemblance is not in the features, but it lives and burns in the expression; there is a battle-axe in your eye; if you mean a thing, you will do it. You are stronger of purpose, more single in soul than your father." Here Madge lost the words, though the woman still muttered to herself.

"My father stood by you in the hour of your painful trial; and when your strength gave way, it was *his* arm that upheld you." Madge said this with some show of pride.

"Aye, yes; his arm *did* uphold me, as you say, but, young lady, it was when that wretch's lash had done its worst, when my strength had oozed and gushed out with my blood. Yes, with my blood! Do you hear *that?* Tell it to your father, as my last message." Her tone had grown very loud, and her eye flashed fiercely; flecks of froth were upon her writhing lip, while she twisted her fingers together as though they had been cords.

"But stay," she continued, in a calmer voice, "you did me a service, and I shall not forget it. If ever I can serve you in any way—and it may not always be beyond my power—be sure I shall, for I am not one to forget a favor, especially such kindness as you have rendered me; and 'tis well for you that your heart prompted you to such goodness, else God only knows what my revenge *might* have prompted me to do. Now, I have double reason for keeping what I know." She shook her head, mournfully and slowly, two or three times, repeating, in a half whisper, "Yes, double reason for it."

Madge was surprised; she did not understand this wild kind of talk, and was about to question the woman, when she remembered her father's injunction, and thought,

"No. I'll not play a spy upon her feverish, delirious raving"; so she resolved to leave the room.

"Rachel," she said, "I am going to my own room now. Is there anything you wish? Won't you drink this? it is a soothing draught, and will do you good."

Rachel drank it, and, pushing her hair back from her brow, she drew Madge Vertner close to her.

"Oh, beautiful child, pure-hearted girl! let me look at you once again; let me hold the lamp so, close to your face; let me examine those temples, these eyes so fine and fiery. I know whence comes their power. Miss Vertner, 'tis well you have been kind to me in this fatal hour, for you have plucked the sting from my revenge, and have saved me the commission of an act I should ever after have regretted. 'Tis well, 'tis very well," she muttered to herself; "and now, child" (as she replaced the lamp upon the stand), "you had better go to bed; do not let me keep you up any longer; I am very much better. Thank you for all your kindness to me. I belong to a despised race, but one that is patient, long-suffering, and, above all, truly grateful. This little act of yours you may not know, you cannot know *now*, what it has bought. Let me ask you, now and here, to be as kind when you can to all of my poor wretched race whom you may meet or find in trouble, and God will bless you." With a tremulous voice and tears flowing unchecked from her eyes, she drew Madge yet closer to her, and, taking that fair young face within her hands, she pressed her lips gently to the brow. Madge Vertner did not withdraw, tears were in her own eyes as she said,

"Good night; try to sleep, good Rachel, and to-morrow you will be really better"; and so she left the room.

Scarcely had the door closed ere Rachel half sprang from the bed and began dressing herself.

"I shall not stay here an hour longer. I shall be off, and the places that have known me shall not know me again for many years, if ever. 'Tis wrong and dangerous for me to remain. I know not that I could again be strong enough to resist the temptation of revenge. That poor, fair child, with her winning voice, has softened me. But could she do so again? No, I'll not trust myself."

She was soon ready for her flight, and, stealing noiselessly from the house, started directly for her own cabin. How strange, wan and half weird she looked when gliding through the bare woods, in the pale light of the newly-risen moon! Had any one met her, he would surely have taken her for a witch, "goblin damned," or some sort of unrighteous spirit commissioned for the execution of a deed of horror. At length, after a weary walk, she reached the cabin. Upon the very threshold she paused, overcome by a tumult of feeling, and, sitting down upon the sill, burst into a flood of tears. Pushing open the half-closed door, she peered into the darkened room, and then, with a sad wail, broke out,

"It has been a good home to me. I've had both pain and pleasure here, but I shall never have either again under this roof. Oh, my heart *ought* to be stout, *ought* to be strong, but it is not; it is only weak and bruised as my poor body." And there she sat rocking her form back and forth until her grief had fairly spent itself, when she set to work. Gathering together several articles of clothing and some few valuables and relics, she made up a package, and, about dawn, took leave of her cabin.

"All my furniture, small though it be, my cabin, horse and cow, my poor little handful of goods and effects, I leave for those white people, whom I hate, to do as they please with. I shall have no further use for the things of this world. My bread must be found by the wayside, and my raiment gotten only as chance or circumstance may provide. I've lived out my time—my peace; and now, as I feel the tide of wicked feelings rising high again in my breast, I must be gone at once—God only to care for me!"

We shall not follow her in her long wanderings, through wood and wild, over stream and fell, bog and mire, restless as the Wandering Jew. We must part from her now, not to see her again for some time.

The next morning Madge was both surprised and distressed to discover Rachel's flight. When her father called, she related to him all that had passed between herself and the woman.

"Was it not strange, dear papa, for her to leave so suddenly? I feel uneasy about her. She was in no condition to go out. I wonder if she went to her own cabin."

"Very likely, my child. Have you told me all of her talk?"

"Yes, all that I remember."

"I hope you were not frightened by it. 'Twas only the incoherent, meaningless talk of a sick, nervous woman. But come, my dear, my chaise is at the door. Your mamma wishes you to come home."

She thought her father's manner strange and slightly agitated. Going up to him, she passed her arm round his neck and pressed her lips to his brow.

"What is it, papa? What is it that troubles you so? Your countenance is troubled."

"Nothing troubles me, darling; only I fear that you have over-exerted yourself."

"Helen," she said, when she had left the parlor and was arranging her bonnet and shawl—"Helen, papa is not well; something *is* the matter. I wonder if that little kind act of his yesterday to that poor creature has caused people to annoy him in any way. But—pshaw! he would not care for that. Who are these town's people but a set of idle curs, whose opinions are not worth a farthing?"

Madge did not soon forget the look of anxious, tender solicitude which Helen gave her in reply to this, as she silently folded her to her heart and impressed a kiss upon her slightly-flushed cheek.

MACAULAY ON SLAVERY.

LETTER FROM CHARLES SUMNER.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: I beg to call your attention to an eloquent and characteristic article by Macaulay on Slavery, which has never yet been printed in our country. It is from an early number of *The Edinburgh Review*, and, in point of time, preceded the famous article on Milton. It is, indeed, the earliest contribution of the illustrious writer to that *Review*, of which he became a chief support and ornament. As such, it belongs to the curiosities of Literature, even if it did not posses an intrinsic interest from its subject and its style.

Here will be seen, hardly in its germs, but almost in complete development, those same great elements of style which appear in the maturer essays and in the History—mastery of language, clearness of statement, force, splendor of illustration, an irrepressible sequence of thought and argument, and that same whip of scorpions, which he afterward flourished over Barrere—all these are conspicuous in this first effort wherein he gives utterance to the honest, gushing indignation of his soul against slavery. Nowhere has this outrage inspired any speaker or writer to a more complete and careful condemnation.

The article was called forth by British slavery in the West Indies; but it is just as applicable to American slavery now. *Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur.* Every line bears upon the slaveholders of our country with greater force even than upon the slave-drivers of the West Indies; for audacity here has gone further than it was ever pushed in the British dominions. But it is interesting to find how complete the parallel becomes. Surely, in the picture which Macaulay presents of the confederacy of illiberal men to support slavery, he seems to write for us. "The slave-drivers," he says, "may boast that, if our cause has received support from honest men of all religious and political parties, theirs has tended, in as great a degree, to combine and conciliate every form of violence and illiberality. Tories and Radicals, prebendaries and field preachers, are to be found in their ranks. The only requisites for one who aspires to enlist are a front of brass and a tongue of venom."

In aiming to exhibit slavery in its laws, without dwelling on the accumulated instances of cruelty, he puts the case on the strongest ground, and here his unimpeachable witness is the statute-book itself. But this same argument bears with equal force upon our slavery, so that, in reading his indignant exposition of the West India jurisprudence, we may imagine ourselves in contact with that of our own slave States while we respond to his generous words.

He seems also to have anticipated that flagrant sophism, which, under the guise of Popular Sovereignty, insists that men shall be at liberty—"perfectly free" is the phrase of the Nebraska bill—to buy and sell their fellow men. "If you will adopt the principles of liberty," says Macaulay, "adopt them altogether. Every argument which you can urge in support of your own claims might be employed, with far greater justice, in favor of the emancipation of your bondmen. When that event shall have taken place, your demand will deserve consideration. At present, what you require under the name of Freedom is nothing but unlimited power to oppress. It is the freedom of Nero."

And the threats of disunion, coming from the slave-drivers, are also anticipated, and treated with the scorn they merit. "Who," says Macaulay, "can refrain from thinking of Captain Lemuel Gulliver, who, while raised sixty feet from the ground on the hand of the King of Brobdignag, claps his hand on his sword and tells his Majesty that he knows how to defend himself! You will rebel! But this is mere trifling. Are you, in point of fact, able to protect yourselves against your slaves without our assistance? If you can still rise up and lie down in security—if you can still eat the bread of the fatherless and grind the faces of the poor—if you can still hold your petty Parliaments, and say your little speeches, and move your little motions—if you can still outrage Parliament and people, to what do you owe it?" The sensitiveness of slave property—the same in our slave States as in the British West Indies—is aptly described, in the remark that a pamphlet of Mr. Stephen on a speech of Mr. Brougham is sufficient to excite all the slaves in the colonies to rebellion. And it is shown that in a servile war the master *must* be the loser; for his enemies are his chattels. Whether the slave conquer or fall, he is alike lost to the owner. In the meantime, the soil lies uncultivated; the machinery is destroyed. And when the possessions of the planter are restored to him, they have been changed into a desert.

Here, also, is an exhibition of the incompatibility between Slavery and Christianity, which ought to be read in every Southern pulpit:

"The immorality and irreligion of the slaves (says Macaulay) are the necessary consequences of their political and personal degradation. They are not considered by the law as human beings. *They must become men before they become Christians.* Can a preacher prevail on his hearers strictly to fulfil their conjugal duties in a country where no protection is given to their conjugal rights—in a country where the husband and wife may, at the pleasure of the master or by process of law, be in an instant separated forever? In opposing religious instruction, they are in the right. They know, though their misinformed friends in England do not know, that Christianity and slavery cannot long exist together."

Such is the philippic against slavery by the first writer of the English language in our day, and one of the first writers of all times. As testimony to a sacred cause, it is priceless; as a contribution to literature, it cannot be forgotten. Why it was suppressed by the American publishers, who made the earliest collection of Macaulay's Essays ever printed in England or America, I know not.

Unhappily, this suppression was too much in harmony with the received American system from that day to this, whether in publishing Humboldt's work on Cuba, the Bishop of Oxford's work on the American Church, or the engraving of Ary Scheffer's *Christus Consolator*, from all of which the slave has been shut out. That this blame may not fall upon the author himself, it may be interesting to know that the American collection was made without any list supplied by him. In the modesty of his nature, he regarded his contributions to the review as fugitive pieces, which he abandoned to the world without caring to gather them together. It will be for posterity to rejudge this judgment.

In making this statement, I rely upon personal recollections. More than twenty years ago—as well as more recently also—I was in the habit of meeting the great writer in the society of London; and I cannot forget that, at one of the earlier of these occasions, when told that an American house proposed to make a collection of his articles, he very positively protested against such collection, and said that he was so much against it that he was unwilling to furnish a list. Nor do I deem it out of place to add here, that while his wonderful conversation left on the mind an ineffaceable impression of eloquence and fulness, perhaps without a parallel, it also showed a character of singular integrity.

But this article is not alone in showing his sympathy with the Anti-Slavery cause. The first public appearance of Macaulay, while yet a very young man, was at an Anti-Slavery meeting; and one of his most stinging speeches at the maturity of his powers, in the House of Commons, bore testimony to the depth and constancy of this sentiment. And this was natural; for he was the son of Zachary Macaulay, one of the devoted Abolitionists who helped carry first the abolition of the slave trade, and then, at a much later day, the abolition of slavery itself in the British dominions.

The services of the father as the friend of the slave have been amply commemorated by a cenotaph in Westminster Abbey, situated in the nave, on the left side of the great door as you enter, and close to the imposing monument of Fox. The son now lies in the same historic burial-place and beneath the same mighty roof, but in Poet's Corner, distant by more than the whole length of the nave from the tablet erected in honor of his father. In all that multitude of monuments to the illustrious dead, if we except the line of kings, there is but one other instance of father and son enshrined in the Abbey, and that is Lord Chatham and William Pitt, whose monuments are also distant from each other by more than the whole length of the nave. Such is the conspicuous fellowship of the two Pitts and the Macaulays—father and son—although most unlike in the circumstances of life and the services which have secured this common foothold of immortality. Of course, in each case the father, even with the fame of Lord Chatham, has a new glory from the son. The resting-places of the two Pitts are known at once on entering the Abbey; but hereafter the stranger, who has stood with grateful admiration before the grave of the younger Macaulay, will seek with reverent step the simple tribute to his father, the Abolitionist—mindful that it was the love of Human Freedom in which the son was cradled and schooled that gave to his character some of its best features, and to his career of authorship its earliest triumph.

But my purpose is simply to introduce this new-found testimony against slavery, and not to dwell on the life or character of the author. If I followed a hint from him, the way would be open. Nobody can forget that, in one of his most magnificent essays, he has availed himself of the interest, transient it may have been, created by a newly-discovered prose work of Milton, and has reminded his readers that the dexterous Capuchins never choose to preach on the life and miracles of a Saint till they have awakened the devotional feelings of their auditors, by exhibiting some relics of him—a thread of his garment, a lock of his hair, or a drop of his blood. Here, indeed, is a relic of Macaulay; but I do not venture farther.

Washington, Feb., 1860. CHARLES SUMNER.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

OUR CHURCH.

BY ONE OF THE SESSION.

OUR Church, without a Pastor, had pray'd with wondrous zeal
The Lord to save his people from straying to the deil,
And send a faithful teacher that would his word declare,
Though men should hearken wisely, or scofflingly forbear.

One came; he spoke of Jesus, of redemption's gen'rous plan,
Of the Savior's love to mortals, to the utmost race of man;
And he told us His example and doctrines all would show
That man should greet a brother in each mortal here below.

Then what a pious tempest our saintly Church display'd!
Against the dang'rous parson the charge was quickly made,
"No gospel he is preaching, but politics, we know,
Our Church and Nation's union will all to ruin go!"

Next Sabbath we assembled, all sour in mind and mood,
And yet, undaunted by our frowns, the preacher calmly stood;
He spake of Faith, not abstract, as we lov'd to hear it told,
But a living truth, too sacred to be barter'd here for gold.

Our wisest Ruling Elders wide open kept their eyes;
We read the latent meaning through the thinly spread disguise,
We saw the "nigger" peeping from behind the pulpit still;
We knew he meant to slander our cherish'd Kansas bill.

Again we met for worship, and the preacher said indeed
That a life like that of Jesus was better than a creed;
That such a life would lead us from every wicked clan,
Whose votaries would trample on the equal rights of man.

"Dred Scott"! we saw his meaning, and we rais'd a fearful din.
And we told him he could travel with his heresy and sin.
For every word he'd spoken, each sermon preach'd as yet,
Was aim'd with malice 'forethought 'gainst some Democratic pet.

He's gone, our Church is vacant, its pulpit unsupplied;
We want a quiet parson to float along the tide,
Content to take his salary and let reforms alone;
If any mill has ground one, please write to Deacon Stone!

Kensington, Mich.

MACAULAY AS A BOY,

DESCRIBED IN TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF HANNAH MORE.

From Macmillan's Magazine:

THE originals of the two following letters are in the possession of the Rev. Arthur Roberts, Woodrising Rectory, Norfolk. Mr. Roberts inherited them from his father, William Roberts, Esq., a friend of Hannah More, and the author of the Memoirs of her Life and Correspondence, which appeared in four volumes in 1834. Among the numerous letters of Hannah More included in that work are several addressed to Zachary Macaulay, the father of Lord Macaulay; but the two following letters, then omitted by the biographer, are now published for the first time.

To understand the letters, the reader has to fancy Hannah More as she was in the years 1812–14, residing, at the age of nearly seventy, at Barley Wood, near Bristol. To this neighborhood (pleasant to her as that of her birth and her early associations) she had retired many years before, leaving the literary world of London, but carrying with her all the celebrity she had there acquired, and her ample store of recollections of Johnson, Burke, Walpole, Garrick, and the other notables of the eighteenth century. A living link between that past Johnsonian era and the new men and interests of the nineteenth century, she was still adding occasional new publications to the long series of her writings which had begun while Johnson was alive to dispense praise and blame; but much of her time was occupied in correspondence on religious, moral and philanthropic subjects with eminent persons of the day—bishops, politicians, and others—who either liked to exchange views with her or sought her advice and the influence of her name in matters in which they were concerned. Among her friends was Zachary Macaulay, then a man of between forty and fifty years of age, but already for the last fourteen or sixteen years known (as he was to continue to be known during the rest of his life) as a conspicuous member of that group of religious philanthropists and anti-slavery politicians to which Wilberforce, Clarkson and Buxton belonged. From Mr. Roberts's Memoirs of Hannah More it appears that Zacharay Macaulay was one of her correspondents as early as 1796. What may have given greater intimacy to the friendship then already formed was that the lady whom Zachary Macaulay married about that time was a Miss Sarah Mills, who had been a favorite pupil of Hannah More while yet she and her sisters kept a ladies' school in Bristol—a school celebrated in its day as the best ladies' school in the West of England. For this reason as well as for others Hannah More seems to have taken an unusual interest in the fortunes of the Macaulay family; and from the 25th of October, 1800—on which day her former pupil presented Zachary with the son who was afterwards to be so famous—little Tom Macaulay seems to have been often in her thoughts. She had probably seen him occasionally in infancy and early childhood; she could regard him as derivatively, or by only one remove, a pupil of her own—for till his thirteenth year Lord Macaulay seems to have been educated entirely at home and chiefly by his mother; and there may have been correspondence between the anxious mother and so high an educational authority as Mrs. More respecting the little fellow's training. At all events, before the year 1812 the boy must have been well known to Hannah More both personally and by reports of him from his parents, and must have been not only a great pet of hers, but really remarkable to her as a little prodigy of acquisition. So much is implied in the letters which we proceed to quote.

The first is dated "August 7, 1812," at which time the boy was eleven years and nine months old. A question, it seems, had then arisen with his parents as to the place and manner of his farther education; and his father, inclining, on the whole, to the plan of placing him as a day-scholar at Westminster School, had written to consult Hannah More. Here is her reply:

"MY DEAR SIR: I snatch the occasion of Mr. R. Grant being here to convey a line under his cover, so that it must be a hurrying one. As far as my poor judgment goes, it appears to me that, if all other things can be brought to suit, you cannot do better than adopt the plan of which you have conceived the idea, of removing to Westminster for the purpose of placing Tom at school there *by day*. It is only with this limitation that I should think it a safe measure. Throwing boys headlong into those great public schools always puts me in mind of the practice of the Scythian mothers, who threw their newborn infants into the river; the greater part perished, but the few who possessed great natural strength, and who were worth saving, came out with additional vigor from the experiment. Yours, like Edwin, 'is no vulgar boy,' and will require attention in proportion to his great superiority of intellect and quickness of passion. He ought to have competitors. He is like the prince who refused to play with anything but kings. Such a place as Westminster School (with the safeguard of the paternal hearth during all the intervals of study) will tie down his roving mind, and pin his desultory pursuits to a point. At present, conscious that he has no rival worthy to break a lance with him, he may not pursue the severer parts of study with sufficient ardor, sure as he must be of comparative success. Next to religion, there is no such drill to the mind, no such tamer, as the hard study and discipline of these schools. In all other respects I think sufficiently ill of them. Nor would I, for all the advantages which the intellect may obtain, throw his pure and uncorrupted mind into such a scene of danger. Your having him to sleep at home, as well as to inspect in the evenings, I trust will, with the blessing of God, protect him from all mischief of this sort. I never saw any one bad propensity in him; nothing except natural frailty and ambition inseparable perhaps from such talents and so lively an imagination; he appears sincere, veracious, tender-hearted and affectionate. I observed you have a great ascendancy over him. Your presence restrained the vehemence of his eloquence without shutting up his frankness or impairing his affection. You are quite his oracle; I trust you will always preserve this influence. I observed with pleasure that though he was quite wild till the ebullitions of his muse were discharged, he thought no more of them afterwards than the ostrich is said to do of her eggs after she has laid them.

"Our love to Mrs. M. and Tom, and pray tell the latter that the huntsman, or whipper-in, I am not certain which, of Childe Hugh* is actually dead of the injury he received from falling into the cauldron in which he boils the meat for the hounds. If he was, as we are told, the instrument of Sir Hugh's vengeance, it is a very awful providence. I suppose your young bard will lay hold of it for a second *fit*. I wish he would correct the other, and send it me in a legible (form). Tell him I have been dining at Mr. Davies', and he is to dine here on Friday. I have told him what a champion Tom is in his cause. I read to him Tom's fable, which I incloze.

"Yours, my dear sir,
"Very sincerely,
"H. MORE.

"BARLEY WOOD, August 7, 1812."

From independent information we are able to add that the boy did not go to Westminster School (in which case that school would have had another great name to add to that long list of her ornaments which includes Camden, Ben. Jonson, George Herbert, Cowley, Dryden, and Cowper), but was sent to a select private academy, kept by the Rev. Matthew M. Preston, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, at Shelford, near Cambridge. It was probably during one of the vacations at this academy that he paid the visit to Hannah More at Barley Wood, which is referred to in the second letter. The letter, which is very striking and full of detail, bears unfortunately only the date "21st July," without the year being named; but, from internal evidence, it seems to refer to a slightly more advanced stage of Macaulay's boyhood than the preceding, and Mr. Roberts has furnished us with grounds for thinking that the year was 1814. If so, Macaulay had not quite completed his fourteenth year when it was written. He had been staying for some weeks under Hannah More's roof, and is on the point of departing when she thus conveys to his father her impressions of him.

"MY DEAR SIR: I wanted Tom to write to-day, but as he is likely to be much engaged with a favorite friend, and I shall have no time to-morrow, I scribble a line. This friend is a sensible youth at Woolwich: he is qualifying for the Artillery. I overheard a debate between them on the comparative merits of Eugene and Marlborough as generals. The quantity of reading that Tom has poured in, and the quantity of writing he has poured out, is astonishing. It is in vain I have tried to make him subscribe to Sir Harry Savile's notion that the poets are the best writers next to those who write prose. We have poetry for breakfast, dinner and supper. He recited *all* 'Palestine,'* while we breakfasted, to our pious friend Mr. Wballey, at my desire, and did it incomparably. I was pleased with his delicacy in one thing. You know the Italian poets, like the French, too much indulge in the prophane habit of attesting the Supreme Being; but without any hint from me, whenever he comes to the sacred name he reverently passes it over. I sometimes fancy I observe a daily progress in the growth of his mental powers. His fine promise of mind expands more and more, and, what is extraordinary, he has as much accuracy in his expression as spirit and vivacity in his imagination. I like too that he takes a lively interest in all passing events, and that the *child* is still preserved; I like to see him as boyish as he is studious, and that he is as much amused with making a pat of butter as a poem. Though loquacious, he is very docile, and I don't remember a single instance in which he has persisted in doing anything when he saw we did not approve it. Several men of sense and learning have been struck with the union of gaiety and rationality in his conversation. It was a pretty trait of him yesterday: being invited to dine abroad, he hesitated, and then said, 'No; I have so few days, that I will give them all to you.' And he said to-day at dinner, when speaking of his journey, 'I know not whether to think on my departure with most pain or pleasure—with most kindness for my friends, or affection for my parents.'

"Sometimes we converse in ballad rhymes, sometimes in Johnsonian sesquipedalians; at tea we condescend to riddles and charades. He rises early, and walks an hour or two before breakfast, generally composing verses. I encourage him to live much in the open air; this, with great exercise on these airy summits, I hope will invigorate his body; though this frail body is sometimes tired, the spirits are never exhausted. He is, however, not sorry to be sent to bed soon after nine; and seldom stays to our supper.

"A new poem is produced less incorrect than its predecessors—it is an excellent satire on radical reform, under the title of 'Clodpole and the Quack Doctor.' It is really good. I am glad to see that they are thrown by as soon as they have been once read, and he thinks no more of them. He has very quick perceptions of the beautiful and the defective in composition. I received your note last night, and Tom his humbling one.† I tell him he is incorrigible in the way of tidiness. The other day, talking of what were the symptoms of a gentleman, he said with some humor, and much good humor, that he had certain infallible marks of one, which were neatness, love of cleanliness, and delicacy in his person. I know not when I have written so long a scrawl, but I thought you and his good mother would feel an interest in any trifles which related to him. I hope it will please God to prosper his journey, and restore him in safety to you. Let us hear of his arrival.

"Yours, my dear sir,
"Very sincerely,
"H. MORE.

"BARLEY WOOD, 21st July.

"P. S. To-morrow we go to Bristol."

In 1814, Mr. Preston removed from Shelford to Aspeden, near Herts, taking young Macaulay and his other pupils with him. A fellow-pupil of Lord Macaulay's at Aspeden, from 1815 onwards, informs us that here he was the same studious, extraordinary boy that Hannah More had found him—rather largely-built than otherwise, but not fond of any of the ordinary physical sports of boys; with a disproportionately large head, slouching or stooping shoulders, and a whitish or pallid complexion; incessantly reading or writing, and often reading or repeating poetry in his walks with companions. The same fellow-pupil has favored us with the following verses carried in his memory yet, as written by young Macaulay for the entertainment of the school. The persons named were men then of note in the world of public gossip—Marsh being the bishop of that name; Coates, the famous Romeo Coates; Bennett, an aristocratic prison-reformer, and Lewis Way (we suppose), some advocate of Jewish rights.

"Eash, says the proverb, has his taste. 'Tis true:
Marsh loves a controversy; Coates a play;
Bennett a felon; Lewis Way a Jew;
The Jew the silver spoons of Lewis Way;
The Gipsy Poetry, to own the truth,
Has been *my* love through childhood, and in youth."

From Mr. Preston's academy, Macaulay proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, in October, 1818, from which date the steps of his career are well known. His father died May 13, 1838, having lived to see his son a public man. Hannah More had departed this life five years before (1833), at the age of eighty-eight—having seen her young prodigy making her predictions good. It is pleasant to add that Lord Macaulay cherished a warm recollection of Hannah More, and used to acknowledge his obligations to her, and the influence she had had in directing his reading, and that as late as 1852, when himself driving as an invalid past the house near Clifton, where she had spent her last years after quitting Barley Wood, he pointed out the house to a friend (our informant), and spoke of her with affection. One ought to remember also that, through Hannah More, as through a secondary memory, Macaulay had a more vivid tradition of the English literary society of the eighteenth century, and of the personal habits of Johnson and his contemporaries, than might otherwise have been possible, and that something of this may be traced in his works.

As we revert to the two letters, there is something very touching just now in the light which they throw on the dawn of the remarkable career which has just closed. Westminster Abbey, and the public funeral: here is the fitting end. We turn from it; and the quiet country home at Barley Wood, with the bright boy reciting poems, writing fables, and conversing in ballad rhymes, or Johnsonian sesquipedalians, with his gentle, pious, clear-sighted hostess, is a sight which should do us good. Here was the beginning. There never was a better instance of the truth that the child is father to the man; the special charm, however, of the letters is, that while giving a very lively idea of his great gifts, they bring out all the lovable side of the boy's character so freshly and clearly. The writer excuses herself for penning such long scrawls by the thought that his father and mother would feel an interest in any trifles which related to him. She scarcely thought how wide a circle would one day be thankful for her trifles. One can only heartily hope that all future Englishmen of mark may fall under equally loving and judicious supervision. One cannot help hoping also that there may be other equally loving and graphic sketches of the young historian scattered up and down the country, which may now come to light.

It is most curious to observe how the mind of the little Macaulay, as seen in Hannah More's letters, is already full of exactly the subjects on which the grown man was never weary of laboring, and on which his fame rests. Ballad poetry, biography, history, oratory, and politics, are as much the objects of his devotion at thirteen as they were afterwards.

* Heber's poem of that name.

† Mr. Roberts informs us that in 1814 Zachary Macaulay set his son to make the Index to vol. xiii. of the *Christian Observer*; and the "humbling" note received by Tom at Barley Wood, may have been the order for this task, accompanied by a paternal lecture on tidiness and exactitude.

* Probably some poem of the boy's, which his father had sent for Hannah More to look at.

COMPLAINT.

How seldom, Friend! a good great man inherits
Honor or wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.

REPROOF.

For shame, dear Friend! renounce this canting strain!
What wouldst thou have a good-great man obtain?
Place—titles—salary—a gilded chain—
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain!
Greatness and goodness are not means but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man?—three treasures, love and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

—*S. T. Coleridge.*

MISS HOSMER'S ZENOBIA.

YOUR entertaining journal seldom fails in cordial recognition of whatever indicates progressive tendencies in the education and character of women. Therefore, you cannot be otherwise than deeply interested in Harriet Hosmer, spiritually the twin-sister of Rosa Bonheur, of whom one of your correspondents lately gave such a graphic and lively sketch.

When I parted from Miss Hosmer, on her return to Rome, in 1857, her mind was completely occupied with planning a statue of Zenobia in chains, as she appeared in the triumphal procession of Aurelian. The personal beauty and proud bearing of that great Queen of the East rendered her an admirable subject for sculpture; and the costume of the place and period was also extremely favorable to artistic purposes. But the earnest young sculptor foresaw many obstacles in the way of success. The action of walking would obviously be very difficult to render gracefully in marble; and it required genius to conceive and embody the expression suitable to the Majesty of Palmyra under such painful circumstances. I said to myself, "If my enterprising and energetic young friend accomplishes this task well, she will assuredly deserve a place in the world's history."

She has accomplished it well. I am sure that would be your prompt verdict, if you could see a photograph of the completed statue, which I received from Rome last week.

She has worked at this great statue with such intensity of purpose, and such untiring labor, that physicians sent her into Switzerland to save her life. The production is worth all the concentrated thought she has bestowed upon it. It far surpasses anything she has hitherto done. Many women, if they had accomplished half as much, would think they had a right to put up at the Hotel de l'Univers, and do nothing during the remainder of their natural lives, but repose on their laurels, and be lionized by visitors. But Miss Hosmer is not one of that stamp. Her soul is so absorbed by an intense love of art, that she will never be satisfied with any stopping-place on the ladder of excellence.

The statue of Zenobia is larger than life size. The head is covered with a helmet, fashioned like a tiara in front, suggested by a medal of the Palmyrean Queen in the British Museum. Under this, in keeping with the royal costumes of the East, is a gemmed fillet, the ends of which fall among her curls, and meet in a pleasing line, the ornamented cincture crossed upon the breast. The left hand clutches the chain fastened to her wrist by manacles in the shape of bracelets. On the right arm, which falls naturally and easily by her side, is visible a thin sleeve looped up in the Amazonian fashion. Over this first dress is a shorter robe of thicker material. The ample folds of a rich mantle, fastened on the shoulders with gems, breaks up the monotonous outline of the more closely fitting garments. The whole costume is a charming combination of Grecian grace with oriental magnificence. In the position of the feet and limbs, the artist seems to have accomplished the exceedingly difficult task of making a just poise between action and repose. It indicates precisely the slow measured tread natural to a stately person walking in a procession. The expression of the beautiful face is admirably conceived. It is sad, but calm, and very proud; the expression of a great soul, whose regal majesty no misfortune could dethrone. Miss Hosmer, in a letter accompanying the photograph, writes: "I have tried to make her too proud to exhibit passion or emotion of any kind; not subdued, though a prisoner; but calm, grand and strong within herself." I think the public will agree that she has successfully embodied this high ideal of her supurb subject.

Are you not glad a woman has done this? I know you are; or I would not have written to you of my own delight in this great performance of our gifted country-woman.

This grand specimen of modern sculpture is now at Rome, in the Academia dei Quiriti. It will be exhibited a short time in London, and then brought to this country.

—*Home Journal.* L. MARIA CHILD.

WHIP AND SPUR!

THE appliances of horsemanship have been the subject of the deepest investigations. Beckmann ferreted out all the little scraps which can be found in Hieronymus, Grutur, Lipsius, Pitiscus, Salmacius, Vossius, Polydore, Montfaucon, Le Beau and Berenger, illustrative of the manner in which the ancients mounted their horses and maintained their seats when mounted. He found that no stirrups are observable in ancient coins, statues or sculptures; that it was part of the duty of the local magistracy, both in Greece and Rome, to provide convenient stepping-stones or mounting-blocks, at frequent intervals along the roads; that Hippocrates and Galen speak of a disease occasioned by long and frequent riding with the legs pendulous and unsupported; and that Germanicus, the father of Caligula, availed himself of this very pendulosity to strengthen his ankles by riding after dinner.

A single goad or sharp point our industrious investigator also found to be the earliest form of spur. That such spurs were worn by horse-soldiers among the Anglo-Saxons, the Normans and the Anglo-Normans, is evident from the effigies in the Temple Church. The shanks were afterwards bent to fit the ankle. The rowelled spur is supposed by Sir Samuel Meyrick to have been invented in the reign of Henry III. Spurs were, in the feudal period, frequently decorated with real or fictitious jewels; but these were holiday spurs—for tournaments, and not for the rough usage of war. Spurs of gold were occasionally talked about. During the reigns of Henry V. and his son, spurs with frightfully long spiked rowels were in fashion, and they became longer and longer until they reached the length of eight inches. Henry VIII. set the fashion of a close rowel, shaped somewhat like a star, and much less penetrant and aggravating. Mottoes on the shanks were common in the tournaments of Elizabeth's reign: one which we have read of bore on one side, "A true knight am I," and on the other, "Anger me and try." Ripon, in the sixteenth century, was famous for its spur-making.

There are some very odd usages connected with spurs. An adventure of an officer of engineers some years ago at Peterborough brought to light many curious particulars with regard to one. He had entered the cathedral with his spurs on, and was immediately surrounded by the choristers demanding "spur-money." An appeal to the cathedral dignitaries elicited no information as to the custom; but the subject was taken up in the pages of *Notes and Queries*, and the boys were found to be in the